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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 135

EDITORIALS:
- Germany's Moral Equivalent for War 138
- New Governors and Old Problems 139
- Labor's Own Wall Street 139
- Literature and Life 140

THESE UNITED STATES—XXII. OREGON: A SLIGHTED BEAUTY. By Charles H. Chapman 141

THE CHRISTIAN PERIL IN CHINA 144

SALVING THE RAILROADS. By Henry T. Hunt 146

"FOREIGNERS AT WASHINGTON." By William Hard 148

LYRICS AND FANTASIES. By Witter Bynner 149

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 150

CORRESPONDENCE 150

BOOKS:
- Shakespearean Studies. By Samuel C. Chew 151
- Some Looks at Life. By Charles Trueblood 152
- Foreshadows of the World War. By Heinrich Kanner 153
- A Playboy of Philosophy. By Howard Irving Young 153
- Cardinal Gibbons. By John Cavanaugh 154
- Unpretentious Pictures. By Lawrence C. Woodman 155
- Tolstoi's Wife. By Nathan Asch 155

DRAMA:
- Players and Prophets. By Jerome Lachenbruch 156

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Disarmament Fails in Moscow. By Anna Louise Strong 158
- Russia Demands Disarmament 159
- Soviet Russia Protests the Ruhr Invasion 160

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THUS spoke Premier Poincaré to the American correspondents in Paris on January 29:

France has no intention of holding the Ruhr permanently. She means to stay there until she is paid, or has assurances that she will be paid. It is evident that France will not be satisfied with bare German promises. She awaits, and will await, sufficient guaranties by the German Government.

This program spells ruin for Europe if it is persisted in. Its hypocrisy is apparent; it harks straight back to the secret treaties of 1916-17, by which the dismemberment of Germany was agreed to by Great Britain, France, and Russia. It would permit France to stay a century or two in the Ruhr. This occupation bars France from criticism of any war-time act of the Germans; and it is economic insanity. It must fail, else morality perishes. It will as inevitably bring a terrible retribution as the acts of the Germans in Belgium brought a fearful punishment upon their heads. Meanwhile the second week of the Ruhr occupation has still more clearly shown the utter folly of ruining your creditor in order to make him pay. It has sent the franc nearly to its lowest point and has depressed French government securities. It has brought both countries nearer to economic ruin, and tremendously stirred anti-republican feeling throughout Germany. Fortunately there is one powerful voice in America that cannot be muted. Senator Borah speaks for the honor of America and the safety of the world, as does Ramsay MacDonald of the British Labor Party for England's honor. The madness of France must be checked—not by force, but by economic and moral pressure, lest she destroy not only herself but all of Europe.

ONCE more Soviet Russia leads the way. While Lord Curzon and other Allied statesmen have been mouthing platitudes about the rights of the Armenians—whom they have used as pawns in the game for Mosul oil—Russia has offered homes for 200,000 Armenians in the Don and Kuban regions. The Armenians, who seem to have lost hope in their erstwhile protectors, have accepted the Russian offer and sent Dr. George R. Montgomery, of the Armenia-America Society, to Moscow to negotiate details. They express the hope that other countries will follow Russia's lead and "philanthropically help in the noble work of establishing the Armenians in their new Russian home." Meanwhile Lord Curzon continues his policy of curtain-lectures to the Turks, while his Government sends airplanes to bomb the revolting Kurds and Arabs about Mosul, and condemns Hindus to death by the score. We do not wonder that the Turks refuse to heed him; we only wonder that our papers continue to take him so solemnly, and that Mr. Hughes can still refuse to recognize Russia, the only country to help the Armenians as it was the only country to protest formally against occupation of the Ruhr.

FRANCE is treading upon dangerous ground in entering the Ruhr to enforce the payment of reparations. The New York *World* has recently brought out again the well-known fact that when Rumania proposed to act alone in Hungary, precisely as France is doing in the Ruhr, France and the other Allies prevented this foolish step in the interest of world peace and justice. Now France owes the United States a good deal of money upon which it openly says it cannot and will not pay interest. Suppose some future administration in Washington should undertake to collect its interest or part of the principal of the debt by taking over the harbors of Brest, Bordeaux, Havre, and Cherbourg, and putting a tax upon every French vessel entering or leaving those harbors? Would not France cry out in a fury of hatred and anger? What is more nearly pressing is the fact, which only a few American newspapers have brought out, that the United States is a preferred creditor of Germany so far as the value of the property of our nationals seized by Germany is concerned. France's action interferes directly with our priority of payments, and the further it hammers down the mark the less likelihood there is of anybody getting paid.

WE cannot take over-seriously the secret understanding between Japan, Great Britain, and the United States revealed by Viscount Kato, who told the Japanese Diet:

Nothing formal has been proceeded with in the way of negotiations with Great Britain and America, but through diplomatic channels, the military attachés, or by telegraphic

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dispatches mutual communication has been properly maintained on such subjects, or policies [of joint action toward disarmament in case Italy or France refused to ratify the Washington treaties]. Some of them are very minute and concrete. An understanding has thus been reached among the three Powers concerning what should be done or is desirable to be done.

We cannot believe that Secretary Hughes has made any improper agreement with the Japanese Government, so the content of the "understanding" does not disturb us. But the fact that these conversations have been kept secret is very disturbing indeed. Secretary Hughes's persistent policy of secrecy is establishing a precedent which is a positive menace, and he is building up in the minds of the American people a suspicion that will tend to wreck any plans which he may bring forward. We do not like to be bound by "very minute and concrete" understandings of which we know nothing. England's obligation to enter the World War was of precisely that informal character. Mr. Hughes owes it to his country and himself to make public all his correspondence and records of his conversations with Japan.

FORGETFUL entirely of the way in which Great Britain stirred up Turkey and Greece to hostilities against one another by sending British naval commissions to those countries to build up their respective navies, the United States has dispatched a similar commission of American naval officers, headed by a rear admiral, to Brazil to build up the Brazilian navy—incidentally, no doubt, to drum up business for our idle shipyards. What is the result? Why, great excitement, indignation, and resentment in Argentina. According to returning travelers there is widespread anger against our move to build up a navy which can only be used against the Argentine forces. The Argentine people cannot see why the United States, which took a position against naval warfare and armament at the Washington Conference, should at the same time help another country to increase its fighting force. Truly this is stupid hypocrisy, this act of ours, after all the pious sentiments voiced by Hughes and Harding. Moreover, we shall soon hear not only of the naval rivalry between Argentina and Brazil, but our navy men will begin to dwell upon the menace to us of the combined new Brazilian and Argentine fleets. And the announcement that Argentina will at once send to Europe for an European naval commission to build up its fleet will, of course, bring up charges of under-cover efforts to prepare the way for a breach of the Monroe Doctrine. Everything is grist to the naval scaremongers' mill.

FOUR years ago the convention of the United Mine Workers unanimously went on record in favor of nationalization of the coal mines. A year later, at the suggestion of their president, John Lewis, they appointed a Nationalization Research Committee, which was instructed to study the situation, make known the facts, and to provoke discussion of nationalization in the union and among the public. Accordingly the committee investigated. In its investigation it obtained the cooperation of the Bureau of Industrial Research, a non-partisan fact-finding organization. Finally it issued a pamphlet, "How to Run Coal," to the union members; this pamphlet outlined the tentative plan to which we have referred in these columns, leaving blank pages at the end for suggestions by the miners. Now, just after the signing of a new agreement with the soft-coal operators, Ellis Searles, editor of the *Mine Workers' Journal*, who is regarded as John Lewis's mouthpiece, warns the public against the plan as representing only the views of "Greenwich Village parlor coal miners." The reply of C. J. Golden, president of the Mine Workers' District 9, to John Lewis is to the point. He calls the Bureau the union's "most progressive friends"; and adds: "My interest in nationalization of the coal mines is so keen that I want every member of the organization to think about it and I want to keep it constantly in the public mind." If John Lewis does not want the members of his organization and the public to think that his conferences with the operators have cooled his enthusiasm for nationalization he will have to do some explaining.

ALBANY policemen and representatives of the legal and health departments of the city of Albany yawned comfortably through the afternoon session of the New York State Conference on Birth Control on January 23. They were there to look for violations of the law, but they could not find any. In fact, as one historian of the singularly mild session put it, "not a word was spoken that would have brought a blush to the cheek of the most mid-Victorian maiden." It was therefore a considerable surprise when the mayor suddenly announced that he would not permit the evening meeting of the same conference. Mrs. Margaret Sanger, intrepid heroine of many adventures with over-enthusiastic policemen, was to have been the speaker of the evening; she offered the mayor a copy of her speech, which she had given many times before, and asked under what law he banned it. The mayor, although informed that the Birth Control League was incorporated under the laws of his State, replied that he "figured it would be impossible for anyone to talk on such a subject and keep within the law." In the classic language of that governor of Colorado who was defeated last autumn, he "didn't need no law." The mayor is, we understand, a Catholic, presumably aware of the way in which the Ku Klux Klansmen would have Catholics treated in the South. He might have learned that toleration begins at home, and that bigoted contempt for the law is a two-edged sword.

PERCY STICKNEY GRANT'S courage, honesty, and scholarliness combined, whether or not they lead to a heresy trial, are making people think about religion and creeds as they have not thought for decades. His letters and sermons have led people both in and out of the established churches to take their old creeds down from the shelf, blow off the dust of the years, and rejuvenate or remodel them in the light of fresh thinking. With Harry Emerson Fosdick, related both to the Baptists and the Presbyterians, also under fire for heresy, the conflagration of thinking on religious matters will spread. Theology, at the mercy of an awakened lay mind stimulated by courageous liberal advocates from the pulpits, will be bound to simplify itself. Some people who have hitherto shied away from the formidable phraseology and forms of thought of long dead generations may find, when the dust is blown away, that there is more in religion than they were wont to believe. Others may recall that, as Charles Fagnani has pointed out, "Christianity at first was a heresy. Protestantism in its inception was a heresy. Life grows by heresies." Heresy by heresy, the truth is approached. But is it ever reached? Is not the subscriber to creeds of whatsoever sort con-

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tinually putting himself in the position of one day being forced either to live a lie, being true to his vow, or to tell the truth as he has come to see it (and as he may not see it next year), thus breaking his pledged faith? Why do we seek to crystallize the vehemence of the present conviction? Are we afraid to face a possible new light?

THE national divorce and marriage law introduced by Senator Capper would mean an advance of several moral centuries for a State like South Carolina, but it would mean retrogression for some other parts of the country. The measure is a curious mixture of liberality and reaction. It provides that epileptics may not marry, nor the insane and feeble-minded, nor those afflicted with a communicable disease; and also that persons of the Negro or Mongolian races may not marry whites. The sum of the reasoning contained in that clause would seem to be that one healthy, intelligent, well-educated Chinese is equal to one diseased, insane, or epileptic white person—a hypothesis for anthropologists to work on. In the field of divorce and the guardianship of children the measure shows more sense. Divorces may be granted on equal terms to men and women because of adultery, physical or mental cruelty, abandonment or failure to provide for one year or more, incurable insanity, or the commission of a felony. Much could still be learned from the laws of Russia or Scandinavia, but at least such a provision goes way ahead of England and ahead of most of our States. Moral codes must always shift and change, and progress is achieved by jerks and spasms. A Federal law such as this would force enlightenment on some people while denying others the right to experiment and go ahead. We would prefer to have forty-eight varieties of marriage and divorce in the United States rather than see our present-day codes petrified in the mildly liberal mold proposed by Senator Capper.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S choice of Judge Sanford for the Supreme Court of the United States seems by all odds the best of his several judicial appointments. We greet it with corresponding thankfulness. Judge Sanford is a distinguished jurist with a record of long service on a United States bench. That, in itself, is a great advance, for the other appointees, aside from Mr. Taft, have either been personal friends of the President, or corporation attorneys. The letter we print in another column gives an attractive picture of the new appointee's personality and outlook upon life. As far back as December, 1909, Mr. Taft, then President, spoke in high terms of Judge Sanford's judicial capacity. It is to be hoped that he is diametrically opposed in temperament and point of view to Mr. Butler, lately of Minnesota, who should never have been considered, much less confirmed, for our highest court.

JUST at the moment that everything in Germany bears a destructive aspect comes the refreshing news that the Rockefeller Foundation has made a gift of $50,000 to aid the medical sciences in that unfortunate country. This will be used to increase the amounts already allowed to promising young medical scientists to continue their studies and to provide the necessary research materials. At least two hundred and perhaps two hundred and fifty men will profit in the current year by this generous act, and what is even better news is the announcement that the Foundation is likely to make similar arrangements with the other countries of Central Europe in which the war and the economic follies of Versailles have crippled the work of medical instruction and teaching. The Foundation has been altogether wise in its assistance in this field. For instance, it has appropriated more than $100,000 to supply subscriptions to current medical periodicals and bound volumes for the years since 1914. For laboratory equipment and supplies for medical centers outside of Germany $200,000 has been expended since 1920, while fellowships for a year or more of advanced study in medicine and public health in the United States have been granted to fifty-three representatives of France, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, Austria, Holland, Hungary, Jugoslavia, and Poland. France has naturally had special attention from the Foundation, which in six years has given to it $2,276,000 for anti-tuberculosis work, plus $75,000 to the Pasteur Institute in Paris. Of other numerous gifts we can mention only one, $212,500 for a State Institute of Hygiene in Warsaw. This is worth more for friendly international relations than all the battleships that we have ever built or shall build.

ENGLAND and America now talk to each other by wireless telephone; aeroplanes link, however falteringly on their first expeditions, North America with South, and England with Borneo and Australia. France announces that her automobile tractors, cannily equipped with canvas and rubber pads for the heavy sand-drifts, have crossed the Sahara Desert from Timbuktu to Mogador. We live in an age that brings the great mystery-places of history into the commonplaceness of the moving-picture theater. Who can think of an automobile in Timbuktu without a shudder, without feeling that something of beauty and romance has passed out of the world? The ancient glory of Timbuktu may have faded long ago, but as long as there was mystery its beauty lived. But mechanical invention has not yet won its victory everywhere. There was an announcement in Canada the other day that brought all the thrill of frontier days back to tingle one's steam-heated blood. Canada is opening a regular mail service, linking the trading posts between Fort MacMurray, far up in northern Alberta, and Aklavic, on a bay of the Arctic Sea, 1,750 miles farther north. The mails will be carried by five relays of "huskies," half dog and half wolf; and the postman will be two months in the wilderness each time he makes his route. At night he will sleep in the open, surrounded by his dogs; and his daytime mushing across the tundras will provide themes fit to recall Jack London from his grave.

WITH the publication of "The Garden Party" last year, Katherine Mansfield was hailed as "the best short-story writer in England," with, for once, the qualifying "woman" left out. That was perhaps too high praise when Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mr. D. H. Lawrence are still plying their pens. But there is no doubt that England's loss and the literary world's loss by Miss Mansfield's death is very great. She was young, her work was growing steadily more accomplished, and what there was of it was deft, gay, and pitiful. Mr. Tomlinson's gracious tribute to her in the London *Nation* says: "She stood between this world and the next, and saw our disillusionments and disappointments at the end of a long, clear prospective." It is much to see clearly; to make others see what you have seen is a gift indeed.

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Germany's Moral Equivalent for War

OF all the ironies of history none is more tremendous than this: that in the early years of the twentieth century of the Christian era two great object-lessons in the power of passive resistance, preached by Jesus of Nazareth, should be given the world—one by a heathen Hindu, Mohandas Gandhi, the other by the militarists and nationalists of Germany. In all this conflict in the Ruhr nothing is of more permanent significance than the test of the pacifist method, and were it not so soul-stirring a test we should roar with mirth at this spectacle of the Hindenburgers practicing the pacifist's substitute for war.

Here are the Prussians themselves leading a united nation which, forced to forswear war, is yet determinedly resisting an invader. Pacifists have preached the possibilities of such a method for years; they have been met with the scornful reply that it was impossible, first, because no nation would ever try it, and second, because it would not work. Perhaps no nation ever would have tried it of its own free will; but the forced disarmament of Germany under the Treaty of Versailles left her no real alternative. There have been small local riots and outbreaks of anger; there has even been occasional bloodshed; but in the main the Germans have with remarkable consistency and discipline followed the pacifist technique. They have simply refused to carry out the orders of the invaders. Railway workers have stopped work when French soldiers assumed command of them, telegraph offices and telephone centrals have been cut off when French officers gave orders; miners have come to the surface when French engineers entered the pits; customs and bank officials have left their offices when Frenchmen gave them orders. Everywhere the French have been met by this paralyzing peaceful resistance.

It is too early to predict success for this method. In any case the economic loss will be terrific. Poincaré has made that impossible to avoid. And it is still possible that hunger or greed, powerful forces both, may induce large sections of the German workers, or important groups of German financiers, to break away, and to make a truce, profitable to themselves, with the invader. Passive resistance can be effective only when there is unity and a powerful national will. Thus far French methods seem to have effected just that national unity which caused many Germans to fear the test. Communists and capitalists both have been stirred out of their internationalism into the current of national resistance. Today in Germany no one would dare publicly take a contrary course. Foch's army is doing what Napoleon's army did a century ago; it is uniting Germany in a new patriotism. This patriotism has hate enough in its bosom and may some day express itself in a bloody war of revenge—there is no pacifist philosophy in its leaders—but for the present it is perforce limited to peaceful expression, and if the demonstration succeeds the pacifist philosophy may follow.

Significantly, too, no one is denouncing the Germans as cowards because they have not seized their pick-axes and tuning-forks and gone forth in a mood of romantic martial heroism to be shot down by French machine-guns. The newspapers that have most bitterly denounced pacifists as craven cowards in the past are today applauding this German method. The alternative, of course, is impossible. Suppose Germany had sent her Reichswehr into battle, suppose even that she had not been disarmed and had had an army worthy of the name, would she be any better off? It would only have meant the total destruction of factories that now are idle, the slaughter of thousands, or hundreds of thousands, or perhaps as in the Great War millions of her sons and France's. The decision would be no less problematical than today; but the cost would be infinitely greater. Nor even would the opportunity for heroism be greater; here in this firm stand of the German people against an invading army, without the firing of a gun or the throwing of a stone, is moral equivalent galore for every stirring act of heroism which war brings forth. Before the French are done, there may be men, women, and boys shot, thousands imprisoned, millions hungry. The religious sacrifice which has so often been praised as the unique expression of war time may be found here too. For the Germans in Belgium followed no sterner methods than the French are already carrying out in the Ruhr.

It requires discipline and devotion to carry a pacifist program through to victory. The Battle of the Marne did not mean that the German attack was crushed, and this first peaceful victory of the Germans may be no more decisive. The struggle may be long-drawn-out indeed. But the experiment has gone far enough to show the possibilities of the future. That there is an alternative to military resistance, and that it can succeed if a people is strong and united enough to will it, has been proved. And that lesson in itself, if it be rightly understood, may mark one of the decisive epochs of world history.

Let us not hesitate to apply this object-lesson. The pacifist is often asked, What would you have had France do in 1914? Suppose, he has answered—and until now the answer has sounded impossible—suppose France had refused to build an army 800,000 strong, but had said "I know my people; they are French to the core, and will never yield to an invader; we will not arm, and if the invader comes we will simply refuse to obey his orders"—would France, had she acted on that resolution, have suffered more or achieved less than she did? As it was, she lost a million and a quarter men killed, and another million maimed for life; her villages were ravaged, her industrial region crumbled, her whole people subjected to the long drain of a four-year war; and when it was over, her enemy was so exhausted that real reparations were impossible, and she herself so military-minded that she felt it necessary to keep half a million of her sons, and some hundreds of thousands of Africans, in permanent military camps, away from their homes where they might have been producing.

The answer to that question, after all, can only be hypothesis. But in the Ruhr just such an hypothesis is being tested out. Gandhi's experiment was necessarily limited because of the diversification of the peoples of India and their lack of national discipline. Ireland tried both military and peaceful methods at once. There in Germany is a people which, while still suffering from the shell-shock of war and revolution, has the habit of discipline. By the jest of fate the Prussians have been called upon to lead the first great national test of the power of pacific resistance. Could there be a more significant drama anywhere on the world's stage, or one more pregnant with significance for the future of the world?

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New Governors and Old Problems

A STUDY of the annual messages of a number of the governors inaugurated in January in the East and West reveals surprisingly little of the urgency of the economic problems confronting the country. It emphasizes clearly, however, the variety of the issues in the several sections. Certain questions, like that of good roads, are a common denominator. Thus Governors Davis of Kansas, Hunt of Arizona, Blaine of Wisconsin, Smith of New York, Silzer of New Jersey, and Sweet of Colorado touch upon it. Governor Davis thinks his State too poor to continue to build hard-surface roads, while Governor Blaine is chiefly concerned with the difficulty of controlling and taxing the high-power, long-distance trucks that crash through the State and tear up the highways, though he, too, is for temporary retrenchment. Governor Hunt, on the other hand, says that "too much money cannot be expended in extending the road systems of Arizona" and keeping them in repair, while Governor Smith is concerned not only with uninterrupted construction, but with the death toll of the vehicles—2,000 in 1922—that use them.

Taxation is another question upon which all the governors speak. Governor Davis is sworn to reduce it in Kansas by administrative economies. He feels that the "tremendous burden of expense is destroying industry and embittering the life of so many of our Kansas citizens." Although the population of Kansas has increased by only 120,375 in eleven years, the cost of fifteen principal State institutions has risen more than 107 per cent in the last seven years, and this is typical of the whole State government. Governor Blaine is chiefly concerned with altering the methods of taxation, and he recurs to his demand that the veil of secrecy be drawn from all income-tax returns. He has found that hundreds of corporations are ignorantly or wilfully violating the law so that in the last two years nearly $3,000,000 wrongfully withheld has been recovered for the State. He is certain that only those who have something to conceal are afraid of publicity for tax returns. Governor Smith of New York, whose preelection debate with ex-Governor Miller dealt largely with State expenditures, has surprisingly little to say on this point now that he is in office, though he, too, is for coordination of governmental agencies and elimination of unnecessary ones, while Governor Sweet is for an income tax and for the taxation of bonds, notes, credits, and other intangible property—an interesting suggestion from one who is himself a most successful investment banker.

Undeterred by the abuse heaped upon the Nonpartisan League's governor for building grain elevators and warehouses in North Dakota, Governor Sweet is in favor of State warehouses for Colorado, while Governor Davis wishes the legislature to authorize counties and townships to build and operate public elevators and storehouses. So does Governor Hunt in Arizona. That may cause Wall Street to raise the cry of state socialism again, but it is a procedure which is going to be followed in many other States where farmers have of late been compelled to dump their produce on the ground for lack of warehouses and railroad cars. Equally interesting is the fact that the governors of Colorado, Kansas, Arizona, and Wisconsin are in favor of building, or of inquiring into the desirability of building, State cement plants for highway purposes. They are also keenly alive to the necessity of cooperative marketing, while Governor Smith and Governor Davis are particularly interested in conserving the rights of working people and upholding the principle of cooperative bargaining. We have already commented upon Governor Smith's admirable stand in calling for the repeal of reactionary legislation aimed at free speech and free thought; in this field Governor Hunt is not behind him, for he desires "to suggest that the widest possible latitude in public discussion should be permitted." "Oratory," he declares, "cannot injure the government of our country. Suppression of free speech may cause a revolution," and he wants meetings on street corners, parks, and vacant lots unchecked as long as the public peace is maintained. That again has the true American ring.

In the East the messages of Governor Silzer of New Jersey and Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania attracted attention because the former urged light wines and beers, and the latter demanded the enforcement of the Volstead Act. This required courage on Mr. Pinchot's part, since the saloons are open throughout Pennsylvania and the Volstead Act is more of a joke there than anywhere else—because, as he says, "no determined, concerted effort to enforce the law has yet been made." He is quite right when he declares that "Pennsylvania must either control the criminals who are openly breaking the law, or be controlled by them." This admirable sentiment and noble aspiration redeems a message which suggests too often the generalizations of the Roosevelt Progressive platforms to which Mr. Pinchot eagerly and openly harks back. It would be more encouraging if all of these governors had taken Governor Pinchot's stand upon this issue of law enforcement. They are apparently not yet awake to the menace of the fact that lawbreaking is the fashion of the hour among all classes. Plainly, too, they have not awakened to the economic problems of the hour—except for Governor Blaine, who is not only aware of the breaking down of our railroads, but complains that "our government is becoming a government by injunction instead of by law."

Labor's Own Wall Street

NEW YORK CITY has had two hard shocks in recent months. First, it was amazed to learn that the Harriman National Bank considered the United Mine Workers safe enough to lend them $100,000 on their own security; now it has suddenly awakened to the extraordinary development of labor banking in these United States. For on one morning it read on the front pages of its newspapers that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had bought a "substantial interest" in the Empire Trust Company, a bank with resources totaling $60,000,000, and that Warren S. Stone and William B. Prenter, officers of the Brotherhood, would henceforth sit side by side on the board of directors with Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Company, T. Coleman Du Pont, emperor of Delaware, August Heckscher of New York City, and Minor C. Keith, who is reputed to carry a large part of Central America in his pocket. And on the next morning New York read that the locomotive engineers, not satisfied with this "substantial interest" in the Empire Trust Company, intended to open another bank of their own in New York City, all of the stock of which

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would be owned by their members, and that in addition the Central Trades and Labor Council of New York City and the New York State Federation of Labor already had $300,000 subscribed toward the $2,000,000 capital with which they intend to open another labor bank in New York, to be called the Federation Trust Company.

All this was a surprise to New York City, but many things surprise that provincial capital which do not surprise the provinces. Cleveland knows all about labor banks. When the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers established its first bank there three years ago, Cleveland learned a great deal about labor banking—and when the fight was over, Cleveland's savings banks were paying a higher rate of interest than ever before, other banks were returning a little less on their capital investment, and the Brotherhood bank was safely established. For one peculiarity of these labor banks is that they limit the dividends payable on their stock, and return the extra profit in the form of extra interest payment to the people who lend the money in the first instance, the depositors. Washington has the Mt. Vernon Savings Bank, owned by the International Association of Machinists; Chicago the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank, owned by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; Philadelphia the Producers and Consumers Bank, which is in part a labor bank. There are other labor banks in Hammond, Indiana; Three Forks, Montana; Tucson, Arizona; Birmingham, Alabama; San Bernardino, California; St. Louis; Minneapolis. In Cincinnati, Detroit, Spokane, Los Angeles, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, and other cities labor banks are in process of organization.

What does this extraordinary development mean? It means that labor is recognizing the key importance of credit in industrial struggles, recognizing, too, that whatever individual banks may do at a particular moment they must expect the old banks in general to be suspicious and unfriendly, and that they have in their own union funds and in the deposits of their members an enormous power which they have hitherto wasted. They know that credit rules the world; that the industrial magnates with whom they come in direct contact are often but the puppets of greater financial interests. Such investments will doubtless mean a tendency to conservatism in the unions; but they also open tremendous vistas of labor building a cooperative world within the shell of the old profit-seeking system.

Literature and Life

A DISTINGUISHED critic has justly and acutely analyzed the attitudes toward life that form the background of much recent literature. He sums these up very tellingly and declares that the world which these authors see is "chaotic, incoherent, meaningless," a scene of "moral confusion." To mere hopelessness of there being any intelligible world, to mere jumble and a sort of brazen pride in it, he ascribes the welter of concrete fact that is poured forth, the uncritical and almost unselective heaping of detail upon detail, the shamelessness which characterizes James Joyce's "Ulysses" and sundry related works. He admits, of course, that if the world seems merely chaos to an artist it is his right and his business to communicate the sense of chaos through his works; for himself he clings—here we are quite at one with him—to the eternal value of "self-control" (this term we should want rather rigidly defined), "clear thinking," and the eager search for "delight and beauty."

We have here a rough description of two attitudes: that of the more or less expressionistic artist; and that of the humanist critic who deplores the present state of literature but will not permit himself to be illiberal toward it, who is a good deal of a Pyrrhonist himself but longs a little for the flesh-pots of certitude and order.

There is, we think, a third attitude, more fruitful, more hopeful than either of these. This attitude is still to be found behind many of those works of the day, in several languages, which have not gone to the paralyzing extremes of expressionistic technique. This third attitude is an old and very simple one. It is one of neither affirmation nor negation; it is one of inquiry. It is allied to the attitude of the scientist who marshals his great array of facts, of data, neither to show that they have no meaning, nor, if he is a true scientist, to prove that they have some particular meaning which gives him an emotional "kick," but to find out precisely what their meaning is.

It requires but the briefest reflection to show that the "moral confusion" of our world is largely due to a failure to apply that attitude of inquiry. Question any contemporary on a difficult and intricate matter of human conduct, and he will either give you a meaningless answer, i. e., he will fling at you a moral fiction which he believes no more than you, but which saves him the trouble of being either thoughtful or just, or else he will throw up his hands in utter helplessness, in utter refusal to rush in where the fools trample with their iron heels.

Now it seems to us that the virtue of the literature which, though the name has become discredited, is still naturalistic in temper and method, is that it did and does approach the moral world in a spirit of free inquiry, that it neither pretends to know the road to salvation and order nor to deny the existence of one, but is very earnestly in quest of it. Such a work as Theodore Dreiser's "The Genius," for instance, despite the desperate banality and meanness of a hundred passages, does, through its massive, faithful, broodingly absorbed, agonizedly seen record of certain central and moving facts concerning human life, widen the boundaries of true experience, deepen the perception of familiar things, approach the disorganized world of conduct in a way of wondering hope and serious questioning. The naturalist, in brief, asks: What shall we do to be saved in such a world as this? In such a world as this, be it observed, man being what he is. And the first step is, obviously, to show us what the world is actually like, and what forms human conduct, conditioned in the essential nature of man, does actually take. In some such manner the heaping up of detail, the huge pouring forth of the concrete in recent literature, is to be both explained and justified. We have not yet reached the stage of interpretation; we cannot yet build up an intelligible world. We shall not reach that stage for years, perhaps not for generations. Salvation is far off. But again the analogy of the sciences should help us. In regard to morals we are still in what might be called the alchemistic and astrological age. We are still in the grip of fiction and superstition. We must have patience and bear with the artists who give us facts and confessions, in order that some day the age of chemistry and astronomy may dawn upon that world of conduct and spiritual values which is the supreme concern of us all.

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These United States—XXII*

OREGON: A Slighted Beauty

By CHARLES H. CHAPMAN

WHEN it first occurred to Oregon some years ago to put up her charms for sale she found the market monopolized by a more sumptuous beauty in the south. Competition was risky and the advertising it seemed to demand was expensive. One may possess beauty enough for an adored wife and mother without quite coming up to the mark of a reigning belle. The Creator slighted Oregon when he bestowed Mt. Hood, Crater Lake, and Neahkahnie upon her by scattering those picturesque assets too widely. It is a long journey from each to the next one and the intervening stretches fall regrettably short of heavenliness. When the tourist at last reaches the marvel toward which he has been straining through monotonous sage-brush or the still more monotonous Willamette Valley and compares it with the Grand Canyon or Rainier Park or the Yellowstone he can seldom suppress a sigh. It is not a sigh of disappointment precisely but rather one of melancholy that anything so lovely should, by a hair's breadth, miss being of the loveliest.

The Emerald State put more than common dependence upon the sale of her beauty because it was about all she had received from nature that seemed to promise quick returns without much work. A little coal, a little gold, a little quicksilver had been strewn here and there in her wide territory but not enough to make a spread over. The forests could not be shipped to market as they grew. Wheat, apples, prunes, and live stock hardly yielded more wealth in the long run than human hands and brains sunk in them.

When it came to sea-going commerce the Creator had slighted her again. He had given her but one harbor and that not his best sample. Ships can sail up the Columbia to Portland if not too big, after they once surmount the obstacles at the river's mouth, but if they are too big they must sail away to some other port; if they are wrecked crossing the bar that finishes them so far as trade is concerned. Portland, therefore, is obliged to seek the consolations of philosophy when she contemplates the vessels in her harbor.

It takes as much philosophy, perhaps more, to bear the slight the railroads have put upon the city and State. They sheer off to the north and south perversely aiming at the deep waters of the Sound and the Golden Gate as if conspiring to keep Oregon forever blushing unseen in her continuous woods and deserts, a wallflower at the commercial dance where richly married sisters of the north and south disport themselves.

The immigrants of the days before the railroads played the same trick upon her. They strayed away from the Oregon Trail to California seeking gold and left only the weary and second rate to drift down the Columbia into the Willamette Valley. It would be inaccurate to say that the State was born tired, for the earliest of the immigrants, the primeval Jason Lees and the later Applegates, had vim enough for any enterprise. It was Oregon's hard luck to have that tired feeling thrust upon her by the cracker infusion of the years to follow. But the State never has been positively overwhelmed by a flood of immigrants either good or bad. The population has grown slowly like her business. Lured by deep water and railroads Portland's business kings are apt to have more of a stake in Seattle than at home. Lured by the climate of paradise they hope to die in California.

Oregon's climate is not bad enough to make anybody curse it nor good enough to make anybody love it. The winter rains just barely fail of being execrable. The summers would be divine if it were not for the smoky haze which hangs over the landscape and hides nature's miracles. What thanks does Oregon owe the Lord for giving her Mount Hood when he blots it out with a veil of smoke in summer and a veil of mist in winter? The smoke is the unkindest cut of all, for after obscuring everything all summer long it clears away in the fall when the tourist season is over and leaves the scenery in crystalline glory with nobody to pay for looking at it. Mt. Hood is a veiled idol ten months in the year but Portland adores it for its potential vendibility and dreams passionately of a day to come when tourists will flock to see it as they do to the Jungfrau. Doubtless they will when the mists have cleared away. Meanwhile they swing off to the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite, and leave Oregon to theorize with empty pockets over their neglect.

She has framed an hypothesis to account for it. There is a conspiracy between man and nature to slight her. Nobody can stay long in the State without catching on to the prevalent sense of slight and the resentment against it. The resentment is only half articulate. It is a good deal like those suppressed reactions in the brain of an unappreciated youth who has stayed too long in his home town which work out finally in an inferiority complex. The poor fellow comes to believe that there is neither fame nor fortune in doing what he was born to do and tries to succeed by imitating gifts alien to his nature.

If Oregon would work out her native qualities in her life she might make herself a world's delight and wonder. Blooming as she does on a mossy bank in the shelter of the mountains under the shade of the evergreen forests, she might be the sweetest violet ever seen, but she pines to be a sunflower. She has every chance and allurement to sow and harvest a unique civilization. Her geographical situation means exactly that, and so do her mental and material resources. If she chooses to imitate the cheap and tawdry on the outside it is not for want of fine possibilities at home nor of men who understand how to make the most of them. Oregon has always had men, from the first of the pioneers, who comprehended her vocation to original beauty and greatness but the call of the sham has put them out of business before they got very far.

The first thing the primeval pioneers of the Jason Lee stamp did when they reached the Willamette Valley after their trek across the continent was to found schools. Every settlers' camp had one—the Methodists at Salem, the Congregationalists at Forest Grove, the Presbyterians at Albany, the Baptists at McMinnville, the Wesleyan Methodists at Corvallis, the Quakers at Newberg, the Campbellites at

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Monmouth, strung along the Willamette River for a hundred miles or so. The schools went by all sorts of names—academies, institutes, colleges. They had no money, no buildings, no football teams, no booster presidents—nothing but consecrated teachers, ambitious students, and the divine fire.

In those days Harvey W. Scott, a wild and woolly young man, footed it down from the Sound to Forest Grove with his blankets on his back and entered the college there. He turned out, as it happened, to be Oregon's one big man. Whether his Alma Mater made him so or not, at any rate the good creature did not spoil him. During the forty years and more that Scott edited the *Oregonian* newspaper at Portland he put his college into his editorials. He wrote crisp, bold, positive English. He whaled away at every religious superstition in sight even when it cost his paper money, and between elections at least he railed at the sacred Republican tariff, although the *Oregonian* was a Republican organ. In the afternoon, when his editorial was written for the day, he read Ovid for recreation. He could recite from memory page after page of "Paradise Lost." He modeled his style on the English Bible and his political philosophy on Burke. Cant and humbug he hated and said so in print. Free thought and free speech he preached and practiced. Now Scott is dead and the *Oregonian* has flatted down to the pitch of the New York *Times*. There is less free intelligence in Portland than there was thirty years ago when he was in his prime. The little college where he got his fine education does not produce any more like him, but it has an enviable football record.

The Campbellite academy at Monmouth, small and hungry as it was, sent out a group of men to whom must be attributed an altogether disproportionate share of whatever nobility Oregon's life and politics can show. This mother of men with high brows and big souls has been transfigured into a State normal school which makes over farm girls into schoolma'ams without changing anything about them but their handwriting and the way they do up their hair. When I visited it two or three years ago the president was feeling jubilant over a new building he had just squeezed out of the overtaxed public. I remembered the boys who had sat under great teaching there long ago in a little shed and asked him what was doing along that line. He did not know or did not care. He could talk of nothing but his new building. He died soon afterward and went to heaven, and when Peter examined him at the gate he found that new building tattooed on his presidential heart. The inferiority complex has got in its work on every last Alma Mater of that Willamette Valley bevy. They are out for cash and buildings with football teams and booster presidents. Their first love is forgotten.

It has never been much the fashion among Portland's millionaires to bequeath money for public purposes. When the city was young its frugal proprietors pinched it up along streets too narrow for anything but camel traffic and the same thrifty spirit has animated their real-estate deals and commercial policy ever since. But with all their vigilant husbandry of pennies few of them have been comforted at death with the assurance that they had saved more than enough to provide for their own families. The shining, or prodigal, exception to their strictly Biblical death-bed policy was Amanda Reed who bequeathed some three million dollars to found what she supposed would be a technical school but what has turned out, oddly enough, to be a college of arts, letters, and football.

Amanda Reed's bequest was Portland's opportunity to work out something new and big in education. The city lies so far away from current academic idiocies that there was nothing to hinder, except its fear of being original. The first president of Reed College, W. T. Foster, a young man of brains and ideas, saw the possibilities in the situation and set out to realize them. He chose for himself the maxim that "college students are there to study" but the studies he dealt out were of the free, noble sort that youth thrives on. Foster's plan was to connect the college with the city's intellectual resources, making it a central ganglion for the civic body. With the courage of a very young president he shut his doors in the face of intercollegiate athletics. Well, President Foster got just so far with these big notions of his and then the inferiority complex closed down on him and extinguished him. Portland did not want any grand, original experiments in education. It wanted an obsequious imitation of the commonplace football colleges in the East, and that is what it has got out of Amanda Reed's bequest.

W. S. U'Ren is another adventurous soul who has tried to make Oregon travel the road on which the pioneers started her, the Pacific highway of free thought and original experiment. He saw what a chance she had to become the world's political laboratory in those remote mountain solitudes unpestered by big business and big cities. The pioneers themselves had been practical anarchists. They had no political government, needed none, and perhaps never would have had any but for a wrangle with the British Hudson's Bay Company which infected them with the disease of patriotism and in due course erupted in a written constitution. Up to that time schools and churches had sufficed to keep the settlers straight, but the first act of their new government was, characteristically, to build a jail and then to fill it. With this grand political start Oregon outsped some of her sisters on the downward way. When U'Ren came on the stage in the 1890's politics was flowing in a sticky, malodorous stream bearing along the usual stuff of sewers.

U'Ren was a student, a thinker, and a man of constructive imagination. He knew the dreams the sages have dreamed of a perfect democracy and by what a close shave the pioneers had failed of realizing them. Perhaps it was not too late to recall Oregon from her paddling in the political sewer. An accidental eddy in the current enabled him to launch his "Oregon System." The State legislature had, in literal fact, so clogged itself with its own offal that it could not stir hand nor foot. It had ceased to function. The people were out of all patience with it and sick to death of the bosses. The time seemed ripe for something bold and big and U'Ren rose to the occasion with the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall.

It was Oregon's chance to move in one leap from foul politics to the golden prime of democracy, but the chance was not taken. His system was adopted formally and that was the end of it. It has not been worked to see what there was in it. The novel scheme scared the politicians into fits at first. They expected that the people would use it to buck them off their backs and run the State government for their own benefit, but the people did nothing of the sort. The inferiority complex busted them as deftly as a cowboy does a broncho by warning them how unsafe it was to set out on a political experiment so bold and unprecedented. Of course it was gloriously alluring but think how outside

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statesmen would talk. Oregon would get a bad name. She would be called the fool of the family. By the time the flurry was over the politicians had patched the Oregon System so neatly into the seat of their old overalls that they could sit on it and graft as comfortably as if U'Ren had never been born.

In spite of the frugality of her founding fathers Portland has one wide and beautiful street downtown. It runs about halfway through the city from south to north and all of a sudden it stops. The Arlington clubhouse has been built squarely across it and bars its course to the logical terminus. "Thus far and no farther" is the edict of the brick walls and the street peters out into shanties. That rich men's clubhouse, standing where it does, is the concrete embodiment of Oregon's inferiority complex which sooner or later has blocked every move toward beauty and greatness. The wonder is that the fine ideal survives in spite of all the times it has been killed. It is an invincible spark of heavenly flame, the significant thing in Oregon's life. No sooner is one idealist flattened out than another jumps up waving the torch. It extenuates many sins, even the Rose Festival.

There is enough in the experience of Portland and the Willamette Valley to work up into an incomparable annual pageant. This could be done without trenching on the territory of romance preempted by Pendleton in the Inland Empire and the cow country. The Indians, the missionaries, the pioneers, the mountains, and the Columbia are waiting for their poet and there must be some young genius at Reed College bursting to answer their call if he could get the chance, but he does not get it. The pageant he would build, with all its living beauty, might not pay at the outset and Portland, true to the spirit of the men who laid out her Oriental streets, wants quick returns. So she wastes herself competing in a display of roses with cities to the south where roses bloom like weeds. When the perverse June weather blights the home supply she imports a few carloads. The inferiority complex entices her from what she could do supremely well into a competition where at best she can only be second or third rate. The situation is about the same as if Cinderella had been tempted by the slights of her stepmother to despise her native beauty and had painted her face for the King's ball.

Pendleton's Round Up is in the same boat. This has become a settled yearly event and might have a world-wide charm. For Pendleton lies in the rich bosom of the wheat country, at the door of the cowboys' home, with the Indian tribe which murdered Marcus Whitman still at hand, the sage-brush aromatic on the hills, and the keen air bright with the sunshine that never was anywhere else on land or sea. Pilgrims would come from the world over to smile and weep at the vanished range life she could evoke, its romance, its hardship, its invincible gaiety, its sleight of hand and horsemanship, and its fidelity to everyday work. But she does not evoke the vanished life. She calls instead from the vasty deep a commercialized substitute which is supposed to pay better. Half the cowboys are cowgirls, incredible monsters that never rode the range, and the other half are roped out of dime novels. They travel the country from show to show exhibiting their unreality for a livelihood. Round Ups are now as common as flies and Pendleton has frittered away the chance of a thousand years.

Oregon prides herself on her literary eminence almost as much as she fears the Pope. The tradition of letters runs down unbroken from the Protestant missionaries who wrote polemics against the Jesuits for their imagined complicity in killing Marcus Whitman to Mrs. Dye, who offers an agreeable home brew of fiction and history in "The Conquest" and other books. Frank Norris is counted among Oregon's authors because he once worked on an Astoria newspaper and Joaquin Miller because he is said to have held up a man east of the mountains in the placer mines. H. W. Scott's editorials have a good deal of the flavor of genuine literature. His family has published them in two gigantic volumes. I do not know that anybody reads this formidable collection but it is far less a waste of money than most tombstones. Some of the lads who work on the newspapers have written verses of promise as a matter of course, but Oregon's truly great poet was Sam Simpson, who courted the muse in the days when an apple from California sold for two bits in the Willamette Valley and everything else, including poetry, was priced on the same scale. Whether his local fame needs deflation or not the curious may say for themselves after reading his poems which are on the market under the title of "Songs from the Golden West."

Thus far the inferiority complex has been too much for Oregon's idealists. Some of them it has killed outright with the deadly sickness of hope deferred, some have wearied of the everlasting fight and compromised with the second rate for the sake of peace and a living, some go to San Francisco and New York for a breath of the keen air of freedom, but there are some, too, who will not die and will not run away from the tournament. A newspaper published in Rome must be Roman or else perish of inanition, but the *Journal*, of Portland, lives and makes money in spite of flashes from the eternal light that sometimes streak like chain-lightning down its columns. Around the *Journal*, for example, is a group of Oregonians to whom politics is something more than graft and life a little better than penny-pinching. Their ideals hark back to the pioneers and the brave old academies strung out along the Willamette. They are pioneering yet, out on the old trail, following the stars. I have seen U'Ren with a mob of supporters cheering him on and I have seen him plodding forward all by himself, but I have never seen him discouraged or afraid.

This loyalty to the ideal has been the saving factor in Oregon's life so far. Who knows how soon it may become the dominant factor? The faith in Oregon's unique vocation to a great destiny is a living faith. It is not dead yet and it will never die. I could name men in Portland and Salem and Pendleton who understand that her geographical situation, her resources and climate, and the prepotent genius of the pioneers have destined the State not to be an imitator of the sham and shoddy in outside civilization, but to create a civilization of her own for outsiders to imitate if they know when they are well off. And there are enough of those men to keep the pioneering ideal alive and to pass it on. By and by the idealists will win. They will frame another Oregon System and not leave it mummied between the covers of a statute book but work it out in life. Then we shall see something in the Willamette Valley and the wheat and the cow country that it will be worth a trip across the continent to look at.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation *of February 21, will be* North Carolina: A Militant Mediocracy *by Robert Watson Winston.*

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The Christian Peril in China

By LOWE CHUAN-HWA

I

A CHINESE finds a strange phenomenon in his study of religious conditions. While millions of dollars and armies of missionaries are being employed to proselytize the Oriental peoples, unbelief is rapidly spreading among all classes of the Christian nations, and Europeans and Americans are descending from a God-serving, church-going, moral people to a Mammon-serving, pleasure-loving, immoral people. A king whose throne is shaken by insurrection within his own dominions does not dispatch his loyal soldiers on adventurous expeditions to foreign lands. A mother whose own baby is driven to the verge of starvation does not give the ration to feed an outsider. Do the peoples of the West propose to convert China and then wait for the Chinese to reconvert the West? Foreigners are never weary of emphasizing the inscrutability of the Oriental mind, yet here surely is a phase of Occidental activity that is no less than an insoluble puzzle. Still more astonishing is the fact that, in their struggle against heathendom, the Christian Powers, instead of using the weapons of love and meekness, which are the doctrines of their Master, have adopted, from the very outset, the mailed-fist policy—the policy that holds a pistol to China's head and says, in essence: "Admit our missionaries freely into your land or we fire!"

Perhaps it may be asserted that Christianity is a nutriment without which the Orientals would probably be plunged in eternal spiritual starvation. But let us cease wandering in the wilderness of delusion and, facing realities, ask ourselves a few vital questions. To begin with, what is there so enviable and permanent in the religious life of the West that can justify us in abandoning our own venerable system of ethics and religion—a system which proved its enduring worth long before the light of letters dawned upon Greece and Rome? Upon what grounds of experience can it be asserted that we would be profited should we desert our "old path of wisdom" and allow our innocent millions to be tossed hither and thither upon the turmoil of the West's conflicting creeds. Even if we see the necessity for adopting Christianity, may we not appeal to you, before our acceptance, to refashion your attitude, purify your religious convictions, and refresh your beliefs? If you wish to invite us into your castle, are we not entitled to ask before we enter whether you have made your fortification impregnable?

Let me remind you that we are not Polynesian savages. To them you may send trousers and Bibles, for they have neither clothes nor sacred books of their own. We, fortunately, are not in such an unhappy state of physical and spiritual nakedness. Not only have we developed an ethical and religious system which we conceive to be comparable with any other, but, with the growing proximity of Europe and America, many of us also have access to the literary treasures of the West. To acquire a secure footing among the educated and intelligent Chinese, therefore, it is imperative that Christianity should be presented to them in a form that can bear the closest critical scrutiny by the unprepossessed intellect. A Christianity that is decaying in the Occident, a Christianity that is mischievous and obsolete, a Christianity that is morally ineffective, philosophically unsound, and historically untrue will never find a permanent home on Chinese soil. It is true that the majority of the missionaries in China know the Bible almost by heart, but they have no training as exegetes. As a result, what they teach is hardly true, or can be made consistent with truth only by strained interpretations and distortions of language. Unless you in the West learn to interpret your religion—and ours—with perfect honesty and courage, unless you move away from bigotry and obscurantism, unless you free yourselves from creeds and dogmas which are purely unessential—unless you do these things, you will, in the near future, be obliged to teach the Chinese to unlearn much that has already been laboriously taught, or worse still, be confronted with their total rejection and final expulsion of all Western religion.

II

Christianity has, of course, already gained a foothold among the Chinese. Their acceptance of the new faith, however, is not reasoned; their conversion is attributable largely to the operation of forces that have been inflicted upon them from without. They are, with a few exceptions, not interested in Christianity as a religion; they are interested in the fact that Christianity is the religion of those nations which have ably developed science and physical power, and, by possession of these things, have humiliated them in their political struggles. Depending upon such extraneous conditions for its survival, the position which Christianity holds in China is neither stable nor respectable.

There has been a growing eagerness among the Chinese to acquire an understanding of Western science—not so much because they love it as because they now realize that, in this age of stupendous armaments and incessant economic competition, a mastery of scientific methods is a necessary preliminary to the attainment of political stability and material prosperity. Now the most convenient means to achieve this end is to attend the mission school. There, however, technical education is merely a sort of bait to attract those who would otherwise never come to the missionaries and hear the word of the Gospel. The missionaries take care that the man who is taught something about the laws of motion or the steam engine is not allowed to leave until he has also imbibed some knowledge of the saving grace of Jesus Christ.

It is an open secret that, since the beginning of foreign intercourse, China has been in constant political convulsion. Taking advantage of this situation, the missionaries resolved upon another form of tactics with the view to imparting to the Chinese their conceptions of Christianity. On this matter I do not wish to lay undue emphasis, for the missionaries are willing to admit that intervention in Chinese politics ought to be avoided. That such interference was once prevalent, however, they cannot deny. They have not only deliberately protected refugees, criminals, and political enemies of the Chinese Government, but actually supported their converts in their lawsuits. And their justification has been that their converts, being Christians, are incapable of bearing false witness, whereas their opponents, being heathens, are necessarily slaves of the Father of Lies!

A third factor which has strengthened the growth of Christianity in China is the dominant influence of the foreigner in Chinese life. Recently, not only has missionary

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education become a fashion, but the idea has become current that to obtain a profitable understanding of the foreigner, some missionary training is indispensable. The mission school gives what the foreign merchant wants. Those who can write and speak good English are in demand at the salt gabelle, the post office, the customs house, the consular office, the Y. M. C. A., the hospital, the church, and the railroad—all of which are, by the way, under foreign supervision. In truth, what is being taught at the mission school is so precisely what the foreign business man needs that I, for one, am firmly convinced that there must be at bottom a careful correlation between foreign industry and foreign missions, although on the surface the merchants and the missionaries often feel at odds with one another. No wonder, therefore, that it makes little difference to the masses of the Chinese what Christianity really means. No wonder the enormous majority of converts have become nominal Christians merely as a means to secure foreign money, education, and support. Verily may it be said of the missionaries that "they know not what they do."

I gladly admit that the missionaries have done much to carry out the altruistic principles of their religion. With the aid of their science and capable organization and their acts of warm-hearted benevolence and devoted self-sacrifice, they have often alleviated the suffering of the poor and the wretched, and enlightened many homes. Such kindness certainly deserves and receives our unreserved homage and admiration. But despite their noble and unselfish tasks the missionaries have brought more harm to China than good. Western education, I believe, has proved unwholesome and one-sided. On the one hand, it vindicates the "superiority" of Occidental civilization; on the other, it neglects the beauty, the genius, and the dignity of Chinese culture. Filled with the superficialities of Western learning and deprived of any solid knowledge of Chinese customs, traditions, and ideals, the mission-school students are handicapped in their struggle for responsible positions in Chinese life. They are like ferryboats that ply back and forth between two shores. Instead of being Chinese citizens, they are "secondary foreigners," good for nothing save to become what Prof. John Dewey has rightly called political, religious, and commercial *compradores*.

Another evil arises from the use of the missionaries as "political pioneers." Let me quote from a report of the German Government: "The influence of the missionaries upon the population must be praised as a blessing. Many prejudices of the Chinese have been dispersed by their kind instructions and advice; many difficulties connected with the military occupation of territory and the economic opening of the country have been mitigated by the quiet and unobstructive activity of the mission workers." Was it not in connection with missionary work that Kiao-chau was taken away by Germany? Was it not because of this example that several other European Powers sought the lion's share in China? And was it not because of the arrogance and intolerance of the missionaries that numerous "protests of malicious persecutions" were sent to the foreign consuls and diplomatic representatives who, losing no time to uphold the dignity of their flags and knowing that sufficient warships and plenty of men in uniform with quick-firing guns were at hand, used such situations as pretexts for demanding more seaports, hinterlands, mining and railroad concessions?

But the greatest harm which the missionaries have done has been to make China misunderstood. Their experience of China may be lifelong; their information accurate. But their viewpoint is never that of the people they describe. Underlying everything that is written or spoken about China is the foregone conclusion that the Chinese are "inferior" and that their ways of doing things are wrong. Confined as they generally are to the dark and gloomy side of our civilization, the missionaries paint our shortcomings in lurid colors. How often have the Chinese been accused of being liars and takers of bribes! How repeatedly have we been told that the Chinese are intellectually inferior, morally corrupt, and administratively incapable! I have no desire to bring an indictment against the whole body of the missionaries in China. There are, of course, well-educated workers who always behave with exquisite tact and courtesy; who take the utmost care not to abuse their position as guests of the Chinese people; who rarely interfere with our traditions and social usages; who, in short, are always welcome, even if we must reject their religion. Against such missionaries I have no wish to complain. However, there is a group, numerically very powerful, whose adherence to narrow theological views, lack of secular experience and knowledge of Chinese institutions and history, want of sympathetic understanding of our religious practices, have frequently led them to form ludicrous estimates of our weaknesses, and whose feeling of superiority has always been a barrier to friendly understanding. Concerning these men I must sound the alarm. To the detriment of China and the discredit of the nations which they represent, they have done enough and should be tolerated no longer.

III

It is evident that recent political events, evolving with unparalleled rapidity, are bound to alter the established order of international relations. The Oriental peoples are awakening and are demonstrating their firm determination to gain their proper places in the world as independent and progressive nations. They have no ambition to seek world domination, for they have learned from history and their philosophers that it is not the nation that dominates others that is great, but the one that gives to mankind the greatest service. Still less, however, do they intend to acquiesce in the permanent domination of the military Powers of the Occident; and for this reason they have, for the time being, become the willing pupils of Western science and technology. We have seen during the last few decades that it is not Christianity that has made the Christian nations strong, but their militarism and industrialism; that right in this world is futile and powerless unless it is supported and enforced by might. A Japanese statesman once declared: "As long as we produced only men of letters, men of knowledge, and artists, you treated us as barbarians. Now that we have learned to kill, you call us civilized." Was it Christianity that saved Japan from the hell of Western imperialism? No, it was her quick grasp of modern science and the arts of war. Yet, irony of ironies! the missionaries are never weary of preaching that China's only salvation lies in Christianity! We say to the Western world: Do not think we are fools, for however you may cloak your policies of imperialism with benevolent pretensions of altruism, your hypocrisy is glaringly manifest to the intelligent people of Han. And surely a review of history reveals that nations which are blind to cruelty and injustice, and deaf to the voices of reason and fairness can be taught only with the whirring swish of the sword. You are teaching us that force, with or without Christianity, is our only redeemer.

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Salving the Railroads

By HENRY T. HUNT

THE President recommends to Congress that the Railroad Labor Board be abolished and a Labor Division of the Interstate Commerce Commission established with power to decide railroad labor disputes and to enforce its decisions by enjoining strikes and otherwise. To compensate railroad employees for thus outlawing their strongest weapon, the President admits the obligation to "assure" them the "highest justice" and a "fair living wage" at the hands of the commission.

How is Congress to enact legislation which will assure, either through the commission or otherwise, anything like justice or a fair living wage? Justice or even due process of law for railroad employees requires that the right of employees to organize, to choose representatives, and through them to confer and make contracts with managements, be legally established. There can be no dispute unless there are disputants. Railroad labor controversies usually concern many thousands of men. These men in order to make their wishes effective must form an organization and determine the position the organization shall take, what representatives shall present it, and fix the powers of these representatives. The organization through its representatives must confer with the management and provide methods whereby the employees in the classes affected may be required to perform the agreement made by their representatives. All this is essential if a public tribunal is to decide disputes.

Yet the Supreme Court in Adair *vs.* United States held unconstitutional as in violation of the Fifth Amendment a section of the Erdman Act which made it unlawful for a railroad management to discharge an employee because of membership in a labor organization. In the light of this decision, it is difficult to see how Congress can secure to railroad employees the right to organize and to act collectively. The result of this decision is that the exercise by employees of these rights rests with the employing company and cannot be guaranteed by a Federal statute.

While the great majority of railroad managements have long admitted these rights, there are exceptions, among which the managers of the Pennsylvania are the most important. They admit in words the right of their employees to organize but they refuse, in the case of shop-craft employees, to concede recognition of the representatives chosen through the union. The railroad's officers refuse such recognition even though a majority of the shop workers are members of the organization. This refusal prevents these employees from exercising rights which are essential to due process of law in this class of cases.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, by cajoling the Labor Board to withhold publication of a decision finding the railroad in violation, pending the final outcome of injunction proceedings which have now kept an injunction against the board in effect for almost two years, has succeeded in substituting the board for itself as a violator of law, and by diligent propaganda on its own behalf has escaped public condemnation. The Labor Board's failure to handle the Pennsylvania dissolved the board's prestige, among railroad employees at least. The commission will be compelled to face the same opposition in like case. A number of Eastern coal-carrying railroads are disposed to follow the Pennsylvania's lead. The commission will have power to invoke the assistance of the courts but it is difficult to see how the courts can compel unwilling railroads to recognize committees of organizations as representatives of employees. The company has the right, under Adair *vs.* United States, to discharge any employee for any reason. It can thus interrupt the processes of organization at any point it desires.

There is a further reason why the commission will find it most difficult to function successfully in this field. One of the President's arguments for the substitution of the commission for the board is that the commission will be in a better position to relate earning capacity to wages. Yet the establishment of a formula to accomplish this is of utmost difficulty and would be beyond the ability of the commission or of any other tribunal. Wage-rate differentiation varying between Class I railroads in relation to their earning capacity is impracticable. The work is the same, the public service involved is the same. Railroad earnings depend in great part upon location, financial history, wise and skilful management, past and present. Railroad employees have no responsibility for any of these factors. If the commission attempts to estimate railroad earnings and then to estimate expenses other than wages, and in the light of these estimates to fix such wage rates as will enable a particular railroad, for example one hovering on the brink of insolvency, to operate and remain solvent, it is certain to depart from justice. The effect is to make the employees partners of the employing corporation and sharers of its losses. If the principle of relation of wages to earning capacity is adopted, the employees should share the profits as well as losses. Employees cannot be held justly to be partners unless they possess a due share of control and management.

Perhaps a recital of the Labor Board's experiences may demonstrate more clearly the difficulties involved in relating earning capacity to wages. When the Labor Board determines upon a particular wage rate for any class of employees as just and reasonable, it bases its decision in part upon the assumption that their employment will be fairly continuous. It must do this if it is to consider the cost-of-living factor specified in the act. Wage rates are fixed at so much per mile, hour, day, or month. Without opportunity to work, which is controlled by managements, wage rates will not buy one pound of flour. What the board tries to do is to ascertain the average hours of work or miles run during a year by the average employee of the class under consideration. It then seeks to fix such rates as will produce, when multiplied by the average hourly mileage, a fair income for the individual of that class. It has often happened that the average number of working hours estimated is far higher than the hours actually worked. The result is that the income is only three-fourths or less of that estimated by the board as just compensation. The Interstate Commerce Commission must make the same estimates and speculations which may or may not turn out to be correct. For many years, railroad managements in varying degrees have made a practice of laying off thousands of employees whenever interest payments or other financial requirements

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so demanded. This practice arises from lack of adequate credit, errors of judgment in making up annual budgets, and a failure to appreciate what waste of teamwork and efficiency it involves. It may be that the Interstate Commerce Commission will be better able to reduce these lay-offs than the Labor Board. To do this, the commission must supply better credit for weak railroads and demonstrate to executives the costs of these avoidable lay-offs.

It seems obvious from these considerations that the proposal to invest a commission with power to determine railroad wage rates and to enforce acceptance of its decisions is impracticable. It is clear, nevertheless, that the Railroad Labor Board should be abolished. Its prestige is damaged beyond repair. If the demonstration of the difficulties involved in the President's proposal is sound, it follows that the settlement of railroad wage disputes should be left for the present to negotiations between the employees and the management without coercive interference by public authority. Such authority is unable to guarantee anything like justice or due process of law to employees, and therefore it cannot undertake the responsibility of decision. Conciliation and voluntary arbitration is all that public authority should provide.

The cause of failure of the Labor Board experiment is that its existence tends to stimulate controversy instead of promoting cooperation. The only machinery supplied by law or practice between railroad managements and organizations of employees relates to controversies. None exists for the ascertainment of joint interest and the adoption of means to promote it. In this respect the railroad industry has lagged far behind others. The failure of railroad management to realize the importance of promoting the cooperative spirit has been the cause of the existing animosity and has enormously increased the cost of operation. The shopmen's strike is an example. This strike to date has cost the railroads and the people approximately $400,000,000.

The education of executives is at present too slow and too expensive. Congress should accelerate it. Under the power to regulate interstate commerce, legislation might be enacted for the establishment of some sort of railroad industrial council to educate railroad officials in modern industrial management. Membership of the council should be made up of representatives of the Interstate Commerce Commission, of railroad executives, of railroad labor organizations, and of experts in the field of industrial cooperation to be appointed by the President of the United States. The appointments to represent executives and the workers' organizations should be made from nominees proposed by them. It would be the function of this council to consider ways and means to promote cooperation in the railroad service, to work out measures whereby employees could participate with advantage to all concerned in those provinces of railroad managements lying within their abilities. The council might well consider the availability of life, unemployment, old age, health, and accident insurance and other means toward economic security for employees. It is not proposed that the council have power to enforce its decisions. These are rather to take the form of recommendations to railroad managements, to Congress, and to the commission. Public opinion, thus instructed and formulated, will gradually educate stockholders and investors in the cost to them of those railroad executives who neglect the factor which is 95 per cent of successful operation, namely, the willing cooperation of employees. Railroad organization leaders and their rank and file will also learn much from the council. The council might well consider the advisability of creating regional councils to function within the four rate-making regions of the country. Perhaps it would be able to arrive at a plan whereby local conditions might be given due weight in the settlement of wage rates. It might well consider the advisability of adjustment boards to be made up of representatives of managements and employees to decide grievance cases.

Public events since the war have convinced reasonable men that conflict, either through industrial war or by litigation resulting in a peace sanctioned by force, cannot bring that devotion to the welfare of an enterprise which is the basis of industrial success. Railroad managements must be made to understand that the two million men who move the commerce of the country are more than two million machines. The payment of fair wages is not all that is required. Men demand also reasonable opportunity for self-expression, the fulfilment of the creative instinct, the recognition of craftsmanship. They demand also political rights, participation in decisions affecting their welfare. The railroad industry possesses peculiar qualifications for cooperative action. Its employees constitute a highly intelligent and disciplined body of men. Several of their organizations carry on complicated enterprises as well as govern themselves. These organizations, if given an incentive to aid productivity, would bring into action forces of enormous power now applied only to self-defense.

The above proposals affect only labor relations and do not solve the railroad problem, of which direction, rates, and credit are interrelated and essential factors. There should be coordinated action with regard to all these factors. Furthermore, there are two principles which must control such action if it is to be effective. The first is that railroads exist primarily for the public service and not for profit. The second is that our railroad system is a national system and must be operated in the interests of the nation as a whole. The direction of this national system is now divided among two hundred executives, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroad commissions of forty-eight States, and the Labor Board, a division which makes it impossible to operate railroads economically and is injurious both to railroad corporations and to the public. A solution of the railroad problem requires that a unified control be established. The elimination of competition and other savings in operation, possible by unified direction, will produce sufficient earnings to provide a return to the security owners equal to that which they are now receiving, a reasonable annual income to a stabilized working force, and an annual surplus sufficient to finance the billion of new capital needed each year for improvements.

It is essential that the nation now assume what is really and legally an essential attribute of sovereignty—control of transportation. Sovereignty to this extent was delegated to private interests at a time when the nation was not in a condition to exercise it. It was necessary to invoke the profit motive in order that a transportation system might be provided. The system now exists. To permit this power to remain in private hands and to be further exploited for profit is dangerous to the nation. The public interest—to which the ambitions of railroad executives, the desire of stockholders for speculative profits, and the demands of railroad employees must alike bow—now requires that the United States assume control of its transportation system.

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"Foreigners at Washington"

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

WE seem to find it impossible to avoid foreigners at Washington. We would like to do so. But we fail. They come from all directions, bringing foreign problems with them. There was Mr. Baldwin, Chancellor of the British Exchequer; and there are the Pueblo Indians.

I go to a tea, and I find the Pueblo Indians—in a delegation of fifteen or twenty—sitting at the end of a large room, with two drums in the midst of them, pounding and singing. They are here to protest against the way in which the United States—in the course of the last seventy years or so—has illustrated to them its policy of "helpfulness" toward foreigners. They think that they have been "helped" out of a large part of their lands and—much more importantly—out of a large measure of their institutions. They think that they are naturally possessed of quite splendid institutions. Father Shuster thinks so too.

Father Shuster, who labors among them as a Franciscan Roman Catholic priest, tells me that their native primitive institutions are really very fine. He has no ethical attack to make upon their paganism. On the contrary it might almost be said that he is here in order to persuade us to let their paganism have a chance.

He contends—and they contend—that in the course of seventy years of "helpfulness" we not only have reduced the Pueblos of New Mexico to deep and desperate poverty but have also benevolently and insistently endeavored to despoil them of their own forms of public life and of private manners in order to impose upon them an "American" standard, governmental and cultural. I noticed one nice cultural habit among the Pueblos. Their great chiefs, as they left the tea party where I met them, shook hands as punctiliously with the butler as with the hostess, leaving the butler more amazed than anybody else by their institutions.

I often ask my friends in the State Department and in the diplomatic corps: "Just what is this American 'contribution' of which you speak so much? Just what is it—aside from our money and our man-power? Just what is it, mentally, morally, spiritually? What is the great American idea which does not exist in the European mind?"

I ask this question and I get no pertinent answer whatsoever—except the one which I presently shall mention. And Mr. Baldwin comes to town. Here—said I to myself—here is our opportunity to shine! We cannot teach these Europeans any ideas. We have no ideas except those drawn out of European civilization. But we ought to be able to teach them something about wealth. We ought to be able to make a "contribution" to the economics of the world.

Mr. Baldwin, instead of being Scotch, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be, turned out actually to be English. He had also an English humor, with a comical appreciation of the ridiculousness of the postures into which mankind throws itself; and I shall always remember and esteem a remark which he made to me after he saw that in fact we Americans now take toward the debts which Europe owes us approximately the same position which the British in 1918 took toward the prospect of reparations from Germany. We think that the money can come in bags; and the mass of our public men propose simply that it shall come. Mr. Baldwin remarked, with the little humorous upslant at the end of his nose seeming to register simply enjoyment of the discovery with no animosity about it: "The whole world is spending its time in successive sections taking a course in elementary economics at a frightful tuition fee."

When I saw London last—two years ago—it already had gone beyond the point at which Washington now stands in comprehension of the international economic situation. We wish to solve all Europe; and we are unable to solve even the British debt, which is our closest and easiest European problem. Mr. Baldwin went away; and with him went any notion of mine, if I ever had one, that we are going to be the world's economic wizards.

Yet we indubitably are some sort of wizards. We feel it in our bones. We know we are. We know we have something to tell, something to convey, something that it would be wonderful for the world to have if we only could remember just what it is and only could imagine just how to convey it. On this point Mr. Hughes and Senator Borah and Senator Johnson are all alike. They all think that in America there is something peculiarly valuable and that the world would be better off if it had it too. But what is it? One day I talked about it here in Washington with Mr. Philip Kerr, who used to be Mr. David Lloyd George's principal secretary and adviser on foreign affairs. From him—a foreigner—I got my first really clear idea of an American mission in the world.

Mr. Kerr said that the United States had no special wisdom about European affairs, but that Europe's need was a constitutional system of peace between sovereign states and that the United States had developed such a system and might and should convey it to Europe. He said that while the United States might not be concerned with the relations between Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary, it certainly was concerned with the relations between Europe and the United States. He suggested that the United States could say to Europe that the United States would join a world organization if Europe would create for itself a constitution of European law for the settlement of internal European disputes in a manner measurably similar to the manner in which our internal disputes are settled by us.

He suggested, in other words, that in our Constitution we indeed have a distinctive achievement and that in it we indeed have the possibility of a distinctive "contribution"; and he proposed that we should make a European acceptance of this contribution the condition of our entrance into an association of world law and world peace.

I was quite thrilled. The prospect held out was one of a world constitutionalized by America but not nagged in detail by America. The Pueblos we have nagged in detail. We have intervened and interfered and meddled and muddled in their internal affairs. To have a foreign policy which will avoid meddling and muddling and yet have influence and beneficence—that is what Washington really in its heart seeks. It has not yet found it. I wonder if Mr. Kerr's suggestion—though from a foreigner—may not have in it a true glimpse at the path along which our true nature, if we examined and realized it, would send us.

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GERALD BALDWIN

Lyrics and Fantasies

By WITTER BYNNER

Premonition

I lay close down upon the rocks and saw above the shore
A mast-head swaying a little and a grass-blade swaying more—
And which was more substantial and which was more like me,
A mast-head or a grass-blade or the level rock or the sea?
I thought it out a moment and then I thought it in
And then I thought it round about, as far as I have been. . . .
And grass-blades may be limber and halyards may be taut,
But I never thought a thing at all of all the things I thought—
Except what premonition can ever be as calm
As the shadow of the motion of a grass-blade in my palm.

Imperialists

Though lies can pay the cost
Of marketing the grave,
No dead are lost. . . .
O you, alive and brave,
Who sing a battle-hymn
And make of wars your bread,
Beg, in this interim,
The pity of the dead!

A Truant

I take off my hat to the mountain
And I take off my shoes to the pool;
For moments come seldom to count in
Away from the counting at school.

There are seventeen mountains, three cows and
Two pools and a cottonwood tree
Which, added, make ten hundred thousand,
Though a teacher would say twenty-three.

Where the brook shoots across like a fountain,
There's a very good place to keep cool;
So I shout off my shirt to a mountain
And I shake off my doubt in a pool.

A trout is my shadow-companion,
The sand is like gold to my toes . . .
O, it's easy to learn in a canyon
As much as the principal knows!

This Wave

Troughing at night,
Cresting at noon,
Down with the sun
And up with the moon,
Down with the moon
And up with the sun:
What was ended
Has begun.

Flying-Fish

That other nights are not like these
Nobody better knows than I,
For see how I can wet my feet
In moony liquid of the street
And dive up eucalyptus-trees
Into the cooling sky.

And I am clothed but not in fear,
Neither scruples, nor alarms,
And so can swim along the street
As though my tail were not my feet
And, if a lovely fish appear,
Can use my fins for arms.

As to Moonlight

You tell me that when moonlight is in flood,
Its wonder widening heaven and earth, your blood
Renews allegiance to your native star,
And you would live forever as you are,
The lord and master of a thousand dreams
Of silver shadow tender with untruth,
You say that then you half believe your youth,
You say that from the man you have to be
There is no other saving alchemy.

Enjoy your moon and welcome. Long ago
I watched it, as a child, and tried to know
Why it was chilling me, as though a snake
Had conquered heaven, as though no will could break
Its numbing gaze, its fatal manifold
Encirclement. My very core was cold,
As though a fang had sweetened all the air
With fine ethereal venom of despair,
But in the morning I could breathe again.

And now, on hearing you and other men
Declare that this world also shall be dead,
Cold as the moon we have inherited,
I kindle, knowing that no element
Of death shines in the night. Valleys have spent
Their vigor and are icy in the moon
As mountain-peaks are here. And yet the noon
Is what I see, my friend, a dream of the sun,
And I touch its golden pulses one by one,
In this imagination, this cold shape,
This ghost that gives you delicate escape,
Here in ambiguous shadows of the night,
From the whole sweet body of approaching light.

Choose, then, your moon. Tomorrow I shall be
Whetted with sunlight like a rim of sea.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter has talked about names before and doubtless will again, unto seventy times seven times. Probably every time he reads in Charles W. Bardsley's "Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature" he will be moved to quote from it at length. One of the strangest things about names is the persistence, since the Norman Conquest, of John and William: they were first in the thirteenth century; except for the period of the Protestant Revolt they have been first ever since. Their popularity cannot be explained on the ground that they are short, for William is not, or that they are Biblical, for so are the now happily extinct Shadrach, Mesach, and Abednego, or that they are fine, strong names, for so are Roger and Guy and Nicholas and Bartholomew which have hardly any currency. For a time John and William's popularity was so great that it was necessary to qualify them. In 1545 the will of John Parnell de Gyrton ran thus: "Alice, my wife, and Old John, my son, to occupy my farm together, till Olde John marries; Young John, my son, shall have Brenlay's land."

* * * * *

AFTER the publication of the Genevan Bible in 1570 began the great period of Biblical nomenclature: Moses, Zerubbabel, Manasseh, and Abdias flourished. Jedu-than, Eleph, Malachi; Sarah, Rebecca, Deborah; Onesiphorus, and Habakkuk; Epenetus and Kerenhappuch; and most appalling of all, perhaps, Mahershalalhashbaz Bradford and his brother, Zaphnaphpaaneah. As late as 1865 a grant of administration in the estate of Acts-Apostles Pegden was made; his four older brothers were of course named Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The most natural matter for speculation is what these people were called by their friends. And it is terrifying to hear from Mr. Bardsley that all the evidence points away from nicknames. The great period of nicknames was over, when with the diminutives "kin," "cock," "ot," and "in," grave John became Jenkin, sober Hugh turned into Hutchin, Peter was metamorphosed into Peacock and Perrin and Perkin, and dignified Isabella joyfully called herself Ibbotson. But with the Biblical invasion all these pleasant changes disappeared. One did not take liberty with the Scriptures. As Mr. Bardsley puts it: "Ebenezer at baptism was Ebenezer among the turnips, Ebenezer with the milk-pail, and Ebenezer in courtship." And even when he had the measles little Ebedmelech was Ebedmelech still.

* * * * *

IT was the Puritans, of course, who excelled in curious names. Pagan names were taboo, Popish ones were anathema. As a result even the Scriptures could not serve as sources for baptism. But the Christian virtues still were uncontaminated. Accordingly Mercy, Diligence, Comfort, Tribulation, Honor, Temperance, Obedience, Felicity, and even Silence lived and breathed and had their being and doubtless remained in a state of grace. When these names began to be too common there were Sin-deny, Much-mercy, Faint-not, No-merit, Faith-my-joy, More-fruit, and Judas-not-Iscariot to take their places. And when the prizes were being given out there is no doubt that Job-rakt-out-of-the-asshes, who lived a brief life in Bishopgate Parish in 1611, would be very near the top, with perhaps Dr. If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone tying for first place.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Our Newest Supreme Court Judge

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Liberals need not lose heart at the appointment of Edward Terry Sanford, of Knoxville, to the Supreme Court of the United States. He is far from being a Butler or a Sutherland. He is a man of great sympathy with man, in the mass and in the individual, and can truly be classed as a liberal. Despite his being a Republican, the Democrats of his region eagerly worked for his appointment. He does not prejudge the cases which come before him. He is scrupulous in seeing that defendants get their every legal right. Yet he is a stern enforcer of law on the guilty. Those tried before him realize his honesty and squareness. "I'd rather get a year before Judge Sanford than go free in some other court," a 'shiner once said to me.

Genetically, he comes from a father who came to east Tennessee in the last months of the Civil War, and a mother, a Chavannes, of Swiss birth. His father was at one time Republican leader in the State. Judge Sanford himself took a B.A. at the University of Tennessee, and an M.A. and LL.B. at Harvard; he came back from Cambridge a free trader but out of respect for his father's party position affiliated himself with the Republicans. He is a man of broad culture and historical knowledge. Some of his studies into the Scotch-Irish in the southern highlands and into the history of the early Tennessee constitution are classic.

Judge Sanford is himself a man of some property; one brother is a well-to-do pig-iron-furnace proprietor, and another owns the Knoxville *Journal and Tribune*, until recently the South's only Republican daily. Yet I do not believe that Judge Sanford is biased against the great social changes and the differing attitude toward property which are coming. His intense sympathies for humanity would prevent his enacting a reactionary role. He would not sway one inch toward capital if the facts were otherwise; and, most important of all, he has a statesmanlike mind which would enable him to interpret to the nation's advantage the many political questions the Supreme Court justices are called upon to answer.

Judge Sanford is perhaps the South's finest jurist, and is in the South's view a distinct acquisition to the Supreme Court, perhaps even counterbalancing Mr. Justice Pierce Butler.

Chattanooga, Tennessee, January 25 GEO. F. MILTON, JR.

The Role of the Liberal Rabbi

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Christendom Dr. Grant is being damned for heresy, and at the same time in Jewry the Union of American Hebrew Congregations holds its Golden Jubilee convention. The coincidence is worthy of note because the union represents a religion which, though antedating the Episcopal church by millennia, is yet young enough not to comprehend even the possibility of heresies. No theological radicalism short of the crudest atheism could put a reform rabbi in danger of dismissal. A critical attitude toward the Bible and all ritual, far from being regarded a secret vice, an inexplicable perversion, to be locked in the nethermost recesses of his heart, is expected and demanded of him. As a result the liberal rabbi is enabled to do his work of guidance and friendliness without hypocrisy or reservation; and as a further result he is in many communities throughout the land gaining a significant following not alone of Jews but also of intelligent Christians.

But according to certain of its leaders, liberal Judaism is not yet sufficiently liberal. It is at present too markedly a rich man's religion, too distinctly a fashionable cult. Consequently

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its progressiveness is confined to matters of theology and ritual, and fails to flood the fields of economics and industry where there is drought and sore need of water today. The pillars of the "temples" will not bat an eyelid at the wildest of theological heresies; but they grow stiff and stony at the mildest political radicalism. Even so guarded a liberal as Rabbi Stephen S. Wise is looked upon by many of the laity as a "Bolshevist." The newer generation of rabbis, of course, is leading the revolt, and just as Isaac M. Wise and his colleagues thundered against orthodoxy in ritual a half century ago so do these younger rabbis cry out against it in economics. Perhaps it is in large part because these younger rabbis are still in the minority that so many American Jews are still unsynagogued. Perhaps if the ministry, both Christian and Jewish, were utterly free to preach the truth, these "back to the church" and "back to the synagogue" movements would not only be greatly accelerated but would in brief time become altogether unnecessary.

Waterbury, Connecticut, January 26 LEWIS BROWNE

From an Editor and a Gentleman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have a letter today from the Hon. Frank F. Miles, editor of the *Iowa Legionaire*, inclosing a copy of a letter he has sent to you in response to my recent modest contribution to your instructive columns. Mr. Miles seems to be in fear that you will decline to print his letter. I surely hope that no such intention is in your heart. Mr. Miles is the accredited spokesman of Iowa Kultur, and he deserves to be heard freely.

Baltimore, January 21 H. L. MENCKEN

January 18, 1923

MR. H. L. MENCKEN,
1524 Hollins St., Hohenzollern, Md.

DEAR SIR: Inclosed is a carbon copy of a letter I have written to *The Nation*, in reply to your idiotic attempt to wax clever at my expense in *The Nation's* last issue.

I doubt very much if the whining but supercilious and hypocritical Mr. Villard will print it, as he twice returned one of my letters that was too hot for his Hun hands, but if he plays fair in this matter it will adorn his otherwise sordid and sinister pages in an early number.

You, as associate editor of *The Nation*, which might be more fitly named the Kaiser's Klack, if you want to let those who read your letter read my answer, will use your good offices toward seeing that Mr. Villard does do the square thing on this, difficult as I know any action that even looks square is for both of you.

FRANK F. MILES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Herman Schmidt was born in Iowa. When the United States declared war on Germany Schmidt left his farm here, sneaked out of the country, went to Germany, and joined the German army. He was slain by an American sergeant who caught him bayoneting wounded Americans on the battlefield.

H. L. Mencken, another American-born pro-German, who insults his home city, Baltimore, by calling it Hohenzollern, was too craven to let his body follow his heart into the German military. Now he takes fiendish delight in stabbing legionaires, all of whom offered their lives and many of whom gave of health and limbs, in defense of the one nation in the world so free it would tolerate a citizen like Mencken.

Schmidt and Mencken will undoubtedly be bosom friends in hell; they will have everything in common.

Kind-hearted as we are by nature, we cannot be sorry that until Mencken passes to that hot place, where he probably will be chosen kaiser, he will have to continue to suffer excruciatingly over realizing that the *Iowa Legionaire* has no fear of its readers reading all kinds of literature, because we know they are such good Americans the reading of un-American material only strengthens their Americanism.

Des Moines, Iowa, January 18 FRANK F. MILES
Editor *Iowa Legionaire*

Books

Shakespearean Studies

Character Problems in Shakespeare's Plays. By Levin L. Schücking. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet." By A. Clutton-Brock. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

The Shakespeare Association Papers: *The Beginnings of the English Secular and Romantic Drama.* By A. W. Reed. *The Seventeenth Century Accounts of the Masters of the Revels.* By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. *Dryden as an Adapter of Shakespeare.* By Allardyce Nicoll. Oxford University Press. 70 cents each.

PROFESSOR SCHÜCKING possesses a truly teutonic sense of the Real; the guiding principles of his admirable book are an insistence upon "a more literal conception of the sense" of Shakespeare's text than has been grasped by most commentators; a rejection of the subjective romantic criticism that insisted upon reading modern thought and feeling into Shakespeare; and a recognition of the extent to which the crude and unsophisticated technique of the earlier drama survives in the plays. He begins his study with an examination of some of the more obvious ways in which Shakespeare was influenced by contemporary stage conditions, such as collaboration and anonymity, the retention of antiquated popular elements like the marching armies and the severed heads, the clown and the "trunk-hose wit." He then proceeds to an examination of the phenomenon of direct self-explanation by characters in the plays. Such speeches, descended as they are from the earlier direct address to the audience, are to be accepted at their face value. When Caesar pronounces upon his own greatness the effect upon a modern audience is very different from what it was upon an Elizabethan. No boastfulness was intended; the stage character was merely conveying necessary information to the audience. And when villains such as Iago or Cloten or Edmund speak so naively of their wickedness their words prompted no thought of cynicism to Shakespeare's contemporaries, who accepted the information thus stated in soliloquy without any consciousness of a psychological difficulty.

When we come to the question of the reflection of a character in the minds of other characters a like general principle holds good: that statements made by lesser personages, when unchecked by information derived from other parts of the play, are to be taken as literally true, not merely in expository introductory speeches but when scattered through the play. And so, also, positive statements made by any person about happenings which we have not ourselves witnessed on the stage are to be accepted as unquestionably correct. Professor Schücking refutes much subjective criticism; for example, of Troilus, by citing the analysis of his character pronounced by Ulysses. There are of course misleading descriptions, especially of the heroes by the villains, as when Caliban speaks of Prospero; but upon these checks are provided. Yet the villains often naively acknowledge the worth of the heroes, as when Oliver speaks of Orlando or Iago of Othello. Professor Schücking offers an excellent review of the opinions of Hamlet expressed by other people in the play, especially Laertes. In that same review, however, there are examples of the errors of which the critic is guilty despite the flexibility with which he employs his method. Thus he remarks that had Shakespeare intended to depict Hamlet as "of a peculiarly noble disposition he would assuredly have put this idea into the mouth of some other person." He *does;* one thinks instantly of Ophelia's speech: "O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown," etc. Again, offering an example of information not to be accepted because contradicted elsewhere, he cites the gravedigger's statement about Ophelia's suicide which, he says, "is not to be taken seriously by anybody," for there would be no purpose in the Queen's earlier narration unless it contained the truth. Professor Schücking forgets that the priest, too, insists on her suicide; nor does Laertes deny the fact. The truth of

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the matter is either that Shakespeare means us to realize that the Queen had been misinformed or else that his liking for episodic elaboration has here led him into a contradiction.

On this very matter of episodic elaboration Schücking writes illuminatingly. The dramatist seems to proceed scene by scene, his concern being rather with a vivid presentation of the separate scene than with a complete harmonious whole. There are of course instances of complete uninterrupted harmony between character and expression, as in the case of Shylock; but often there are detached episodes quite out of harmony with the general conception of the character, as when Polonius gives advice to Laertes. The *scene unit*, with its tendency to intensify episodes, even fastens upon some characters absolutely contradictory traits. Professor Schücking illustrates this by a long and masterly analysis of the Cleopatra of the earlier acts (the voluptuous courtesan) with the same person in the later acts (the noble queen).

Despite his efforts to avoid rigidity in interpretation and not to push his method too far, Professor Schücking does not always succeed in carrying conviction. He rightly protests against the old-fashioned sort of criticism that discussed Shakespeare's personages as though they were real people and wrote books about the girlhood of his heroines and articles about, say, the earlier relations of Macbeth and his Lady. Nevertheless, though in real life people often speak by implication, Professor Schücking never admits that the *dramatis personae* imply, unless the fact of the implication is elsewhere stated. He shows that Claudius is really endowed with finer qualities than Shakespeare intended: "It is certain that in reality all he says would necessarily be false, but in the drama hypocrisy would also *have to betray itself* in some form or other." Why? How do we know that Shakespeare did not plan some stage "business" here as in other places that would make the hypocrisy clear?

In his little brochure on "Hamlet" Mr. Clutton-Brock makes much of this fact, that the text as we have it is only one part of a work of dramatic art; the dramatist instructed the actors, whether in person or by indications on his manuscript, in the necessary "business." The formula which Mr. Clutton-Brock offers as an explanation of Hamlet is that the shock which the prince suffered on hearing of his father's murder and on realizing the full horror of his mother's remarriage "made, as it were, a wound in his mind" and served as an inhibition whenever he tried to put the resolve to take vengeance into action. "The more he tried to force himself into action, the more his unconscious invented pretexts why he should delay to act." There would be no space here to discuss this formula even were it so novel as Mr. Clutton-Brock supposes. Nor is there room for consideration of the points at issue between this critic and Mr. J. M. Robertson and Professor E. E. Stoll. The two latter scholars have perhaps exaggerated their "case," but beyond doubt the way toward a clear understanding of Shakespeare lies through their historical and textual studies rather than through the essentially subjective criticism offered by their opponent.

The Shakespeare Association continues to issue valuable papers, three of which have been lately published. Mrs. Stopes reopens the controversy which she carried on with Mr. Ernest Law a decade ago, and by carefully checking up the statements in the Revels Accounts in the years 1604-1605 and 1611-1612, seriously damages Mr. Law's claim that these records are authentic and that the old charge against Peter Cunningham that he had forged them is unfounded. This problem is of course by no means a matter of mere dry-as-dust antiquarianism, for upon the evidence of the records the dating of several of Shakespeare's plays rests in part. Mr. Reed writes attractively of the little circle of humanists and dramatists who gathered around Sir Thomas More and in the early years of the sixteenth century opened what proved to be a false dawn of the romantic drama. Mr. Nicoll divides the reasons for the Restoration adaptations of Shakespeare into several categories and illustrates these categories by reference especially to Dryden's adaptations.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Some Looks at Life

The Driver. By Garet Garrett. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.
Valley Waters. By Charles D. Stewart. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.
Valiant Dust. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.
Quest. By Helen Hull. The Macmillan Company. $2.

DO we not first ask of a novel that it give us, for a few hours after dinner, a different life to lead? If this be true, the performance of a novel is to be judged by whether its author commands poorly or well the gift of life and whether the life he is able to give is, by its interest or significance, worth leading. Our elementary demand is for bare, mere experience, experience of the heart and mind; after that we will require of the author illumination or understanding or beauty or what else our degree of sophistication asks.

The professional expertness of Mr. Garet Garrett, in "The Driver," gets experience before us deftly, and somewhat in the star-reporter manner; his story is another snappy tale of the Caesars of Wall Street. As a black and white of Henry M. Galt, speculator and railroad wizard, it is well taught of its kind, which is really reporterese. It rings real with experience, however; Henry Galt is bodily there in all his shabbiness of habit and personal force. He is in fact all the book; where he is not, except for his daughter Vera, who has temporarily a certain sullen distinction, there is but lame going. Galt's career, his Machiavellian struggles are related breathlessly, like war correspondence, and with the zest so special to the literature of achievement. But despite speed the tale is not unskilfully handled, and for a while commands attention; the interlude before the end, a diverting examination of Galt as a malefactor of great wealth, by a congressional investigation committee, is not without some choiceness. If a clever paean to success and some boldness that looks closely like fact is what you want, here it is; but not reflection, or merits particularly sophisticated.

"Valley Waters," by Charles D. Stewart, is better considered although less dashing in its experience. It shows no great conflagration of feeling or vivid or magnetic personalities; though the author evidences, in his lucid picturing of character, an excellent and humorous sense of persons: see the remarkable drawing of Vose, the blind piano tuner. The story is a gray-hued variation of the old recognition motif, a tale of how a son searched for his mother, from whom he had been kidnapped when he was a child too small to remember distinctly; how as a soldier in hospital recovering from shell-shock he had dredged up a few broken bits of memory; how he pieced them together, and adding other fragments, traced himself back to his native locality and found his mother. It is a psychological tale, a study of memory, against an excellently seen background of quiet people moving peaceably about ordinary business amid pleasant scenes in the Muskingum valley of Ohio. It is subdued in key, experienced, contemplative, not aimed at distinction; but it is also soundly written in a sincere, scrupulous, real mood, with humor, and with fineness of understanding. We do not turn from it, however, with a completely fed sense of life.

If "Valley Waters" sounds a subdued personal note, "Valiant Dust," a collection of twelve short stories by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, thumps resoundingly the embellished brasses of respectability and punctilio. These are relatively short stories, but the reader will feel that they could profitably have been shorter. With an able and incredible pounce their author is upon some poor rag of a problem in conduct and so worries it with discussion and patronage that it yields utterly the ghost; so a tale ensues and at some length. Yet if you can get over your irritation at being lengthily edified, you will find here rather robust story telling, somewhat hindered, it is true, by discursiveness and a style like stiff plush. Sea Green is a commendable extra-dry piece, perhaps best in the collection; The Knight's Move is an elaborately ethical affair, Habakkuk a

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psychological cat's-nest, full of anxiety lest the reader not apprehend the point; East of Eden is a vigorous tale, Martin's Hollow a vivid scene study. The author knows well the art of the short story; but unless the reader incline to a taste for complacent notes in fiction he will not greatly relish the life of these insistent narratives.

"Quest," by Helen Hull, is the reverse of complacent. Neither smart nor sardonic, it is neatly and always economically put; limited in ambition but covering its aims with judgment, and always sustaining its flight; in a word admirable. It is written with not a little intuitive force; understanding, vigilant apprehension of the queer changefulness called personality is one of its signal merits. Moderately planned, and dispassionately, almost humorlessly told, it is yet a novel full of life, and full of a feeling that grows in crescendo to an excellent climax. Briefly, it tells the story of an investigation of life by a gifted girl, Jean Winthrop, and her gradual growing realization of it; this theme is set out against a background story of the dissolution of her family ties through her mother's jealousy and her father's lapses; it ends as she sets out to make further inquiries of destiny at college, after two years as a primary teacher and after her principal and unsatisfactory love affair. It is the best of these volumes of fiction, for it offers us the most life, most fully realized. It presents matter for consideration which the reader will feel is persuasively analogous, equivalent indeed, to much of the experience of his own life, selected and alchemized by reflection. It relates freshly many of the things we have felt; and if it relates also some of the things we have not felt, we are already convinced, we feel intuitively they are true.

CHARLES TRUEBLOOD

Foreshadows of the World War

Out of My Years of Service. By Franz Conrad, Freiherr von Hotzendorf.

WHEN two years ago the German Government published the "complete collection" of "German Documents Bearing on the Outbreak of the War," I pointed out in my pamphlet, "Die Neuesten Geschichtsfälschungen," that the Government had published only the documents of the Foreign Office, and that the official documents of the General Staff, of the navy, and of other military bureaus remained unpublished. These latter documents, it seemed to me, must contain valuable contributions to our knowledge of the origins of the World War. How correctly I estimated their importance is proved by the first volume, just published, of the memoirs of the former chief of staff of Austria-Hungary, Field Marshal Franz Conrad, Freiherr von Hotzendorf. Conrad appears to have taken copies of his official papers back to private life, and in his book, which apart from them is tedious, he makes sovereign use of them.

Among these documents are six official and two private letters which Conrad exchanged with his Berlin colleague, von Moltke, who was then chief of the German General Staff. These letters, all written between January and April, 1909, during the crisis which developed from the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, are deserving of the closest attention, for they foreshadow the World War. They show how in the early part of 1909, during the Annexation Crisis, the chiefs of these two staffs had drawn up a campaign plan for a world war, which then threatened, and how after the unexpectedly peaceful outcome of the crisis this plan remained in force, until it could be put into practical operation in August, 1914.

We have, then, in these letters the plan of campaign which was used in the World War in 1914: Germany to fight offensively against France and defensively against Russia, Austria-Hungary to hold back the Russian armies until Germany had defeated France, then Germany to withdraw troops from the Western Front and together with Austria-Hungary to defeat Russia—the exact plan of campaign that was tried in 1914 but was unsuccessful.

That Moltke believed that a world war might and would of necessity develop from the Serbian affair of 1909 or from some future Serbian complication is apparent from his letter to Conrad:

"To what extent France is obligated by treaty to come to the support of Russia in the event of trouble between Germany and Russia I don't know. I am convinced, however, that such a treaty exists, for Europe today is so tied up in treaties, ententes, and alliances that hardly any one of the great European Powers can draw the sword without finding that all the countries of Europe are bound by treaty to fly at each others' throats. I believe that if Germany were to mobilize against Russia she would have to count on war with France. I am not going to take up here the possibility that the war might extend still farther. The situation that I have pointed out is known to every European diplomat, and in that fact there is perhaps the guaranty that none of the great Powers will, because of Serbian ambitions, light the war torch which might set fire to all of Europe."

Conrad gives the following résumé of these military agreements: "If Austria-Hungary and Germany are forced to war by Russia, Germany must ask immediate and positive guaranties from France. If France's reply shows that she must be considered an enemy, Germany must strike her first blow against France, sending only a small contingent, twelve or thirteen divisions, to East Prussia. Austria-Hungary will have to fight Russia alone, until a military decision has been reached on the western front, whereupon large German units will be sent to the East to join Austria-Hungary in obtaining a military decision against Russia. To my question as to the length of time it would take to defeat France decisively so that this mass shifting of troops to the eastern front might take place, the Germans replied, thirty-six to forty days after mobilization."

The Annexation Crists of 1909 passed, for Russia and Serbia backed down, probably because of their knowledge of their military weakness. In his letter to Conrad of April 14, 1919, Moltke "regrets greatly that such an opportunity has passed by unused, for it is not likely soon to recur under such favorable circumstances. I am convinced that it would have been possible to localize the war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. Even if Russia had become active, and if a European war had developed, conditions were better for Germany and Austria than they are likely to be in the future." In this letter Moltke accepts Conrad's proposal to give permanence to their campaign plan. (In all these letters and agreements it was Conrad, the Austrian, who took the initiative.) When, therefore, in July, 1914, the great occasion came for executing the military campaign drawn up five years before, the two chiefs of staff needed to say nothing to each other about military plans. This campaign plan undoubtedly strengthened their desire for war. Free from military worries, they could devote themselves all the more to influencing their monarchs and their ministers. And they worked together perfectly, as the documents of the foreign ministry show, as I pointed out in a chapter, Enter the Military, in my book "Katastrophenpolitik."

HEINRICH KANNER

A Playboy of Philosophy

Chameleon: Being the Book of My Selves. By Benjamin De Casseres. Lieber & Lewis. $1.75.

THOSE who have been familiar with the journalistic work of Benjamin De Casseres have perhaps valued him as a clever writer of pungent prose, erratic in his judgments and cynical in his utterances, but possessed of a broad comic spirit. Beyond a few flashes of recognition vouchsafed him by certain clear-eyed observers, De Casseres trudged along the common road barely distinguishable, save by a Puckish grin, from the score or more of other clever commentators that surrounded

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him. But now, with one leap, he has left this group behind and stands alone. His first book of essays has been published and the real De Casseres is revealed.

The author of "Chameleon—Book of My Selves" cannot be as easily appraised as the writer of casual newspaper pieces or the poet of "The Shadow Eater," his first volume of verse. As an American product he is as much of a phenomenon as Walt Whitman and, although of lesser rank, yet more inexplicable. Whitman's rebellion brought him closer to humanity; De Casseres's rebellion hurtles his ego to a lonely height. In this solitude he somewhat resembles Thoreau, but a Thoreau, if we can imagine it, with a poisoned javelin in his hand and battle-lust in his eye, ready to rush down the slopes to repel the attacks of the herd or to carry the conflict into its own camp.

While intellectual anarchism and the pagan spirit are rarities in the American scene, their perfect fusion in De Casseres sets him completely apart from all native groups and cults. His spiritual father is Friedrich Nietzsche and he has no soul-brothers. Nietzsche's image is discernible in most of the selves that De Casseres reveals in "Chameleon" but the resemblance is not a studied one. It is the unconscious stamp of a highly original spirit that proudly recognizes its kinship to the master. But the violent individualism of De Casseres causes him to spurn the vision of the Superman as well as to denounce the self-abasing creed of the Common Good. In De Casseres Falstaff and Ariel seem combined in one spirit that returns to drain huge flagons of heady wine and roll under the table after a glorious flight on the wings of the tempest. The least significant of his selves is the yogi-like personality that wraps itself in the Cartesian premises of the invalidity of the external universe. To manufacture an enveloping philosophy from the primary psychological concept of the unreliability of the senses is not the game for an intellectual adult. But the contemplating and negativing Buddha that is De Casseres in his essay The Brain and the World soon comes to life and battles savagely with it, withering humanity's most cherished illusions with corrosive aphorisms. "Reason is the laughter of the emotions," says De Casseres, poet, and our modern pathologists might write a thousand volumes in an attempt to prove it scientifically.

Although stippled with flashes of genius a few of these essays are mere wordy tirades against obsolete shibboleths and bombastic utterances that, for all their verbal embroidery, hardly conceal the shabbiness of the philosophic theorems that lie beneath. It is in justice to the real De Casseres, as well as in service to those who wish to seek him out, that I am stressing the unworthiness of these few pages in a book that is otherwise of the highest merit, for there exists the danger that the resounding and meaningless fury of a world-weary soul may deafen our ears to its true message. But we must listen to his bawling as well as to his whispering, even against our better judgment, because De Casseres shows no side of his myriad-faceted ego to which we can remain indifferent. He is a contemptuous, arrogant, and irresponsible Play Boy of philosophy who savagely prods us into wakefulness from our glowing dreams of free will, and then tenderly cajoles us to slumber with a lullaby of beauty while the universe crashes about us.

HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

Cardinal Gibbons

Life of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. By Allen Sinclair Will. E. P. Dutton and Company. $10.

WHATEVER shortcomings may be found in these two goodly volumes (a thousand pages royal octavo) are probably to be ascribed chiefly to the beloved Cardinal himself. The author held almost daily conversations with his subject over a period of five years with the intention, frankly avowed on one side and as frankly approved on the other, of preparing this biography. "He consented to devote a part of each day when necessary except Saturdays and Sundays (subsequently Saturdays were also included) to telling me his own story of his life from his earliest recollection onwards. . . . The Cardinal gave me his private journal which he had kept since 1868, the existence of which, he told me, was then unknown to any one else; and I had full access to the archives of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, containing the official records of his administration, and many of his letters."

Clearly this biographer enjoyed advantages which should have enabled him to produce an intimate and complete record. And he was no unpracticed hand: twelve years before he had produced a briefer biography of the Cardinal.

No other ecclesiastic, and hardly any statesman in American history, was so picturesque a subject. He had been successively a parish priest, a volunteer army chaplain, secretary to a great archbishop and primate (Martin John Spalding), missionary bishop in North Carolina and Virginia, coadjutor and soon afterwards archbishop of Baltimore, papal delegate and second American cardinal. The most popular religious book ever published in the English language had come from his pen. As leader of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States for forty-four years he had presided at a Plenary Council, had met not only the usual problems of a great administrator, but was also fated to have the largest share in settling so many vital questions that he may fairly be said to have given Catholic Church policy in America its characteristic color and character.

Some of these questions were: Catholic education (with the dramatic Faribault incident and the establishment of the Catholic University in Washington); the defense of organized labor; the triumph of sound Catholic and American policy over the well-meant but dangerous and ill-judged Cahensleyism; the theological squabble centering around Modernism and the so-called "Americanism." He had able colaborers in dealing with these problems—Manning in England as well as Archbishops Ireland and Riordan and Bishops Gilmour, Keane, and Spalding in the United States—but on him rested the weighty responsibility of leadership and from him in consequence came the final determination of church policy in our country.

There were almost melodramatic surprises and contrasts in his career. In 1870, sitting in the Vatican Council—the first General Council of the Catholic Church since Trent three hundred and fifty years before—he was the youngest bishop in the Catholic world; he lived to be the last survivor of the Vatican Council and the oldest bishop of the Catholic world. American-born, he spent his infancy and early youth in Ireland and never lost a delicate and delightful flavor of "Irish brogue" in his speech, yet no descendant of Mayflower stock was more instinctively or unquestionably American than he. As cardinal, he was a prince of the most august and ancient dynasty known to the world; yet he lived in an old house so severely plain as to be almost ramshackle: he wore very unworldly clothes in an antique, genteel manner, and the world worshiped him for his simple, unpretentious ways. A democratic citizen of America he was the chief human instrument in the election of Pius X to the papacy. A genial and eminently moderate man, he stood out against woman's suffrage and prohibition long after nearly all clergymen and statesmen had ceased to oppose the oncoming tide, yet he never lost his amazing influence over the nation, nor his popularity with even the most zealous propagandists of those causes. And amid the sectarian insanities of our time—the A.P.A., the "Guardeens" of Liberty, and now the Klan—he was accepted by Americans of every faith and no faith as one of the great hierophants of patriotism in our country. Could any biographer have selected a more flexible and thrilling subject?

The work is valuable and interesting but there are defects in it; and, I repeat, they seem attributable chiefly to the distinguished churchman himself. Chapter after chapter deepens the impression that it is just such a biography as the Cardinal would have inspired and approved. For example, none of the great questions he was called upon to face and answer as the acknowledged Catholic leader is discussed in a scientific and critical spirit as one might expect and desire and as church

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history will some day discuss it. Why? Great causes are not won without battles, nor battles without parties nor without wounds. Perhaps it is too early to evaluate the persons and principles concerned. Certainly in spite of the profound peace now happily prevailing, there is still the possibility of arousing unkindly memories and raising the ghosts of dead quarrels. It would be like the gentle, lovable Cardinal to lay injunction on his biographer in order that his written "Life" might give as little pain as his active life had given. At any rate the big questions of Catholic Church polity are not thoroughly discussed, are not presented with finality. There is not enough correspondence shown—hardly any letters except those of Cardinal Gibbons himself; in consequence there still remains a great opportunity for, let us say, the biographer of Archbishop Ireland, who so largely shared the confidence, the conflicts, and the conquests of Baltimore. The biography is pleasantly written: the tone is one of such unrelieved eulogy as to suggest hagiography and to lose much human interest; the flavor is a piquant blend of genialty and gravity. There are a few good illustrations.

JOHN CAVANAUGH

Unpretentious Pictures

The Wandering Years. By Katharine Tynan. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

IF there is anything an ex-soldier should like perhaps, it is plenty of pretty pictures. Having had plenty of pretty promises while a soldier and immediately after in the heartening general directions of self-determination for all nations, open covenants openly arrived at, and the war to end war, it seems that not alone ex-soldiers but people in general can do no better in their spare moments than both to gorge and disgorge themselves of plenty of authentic, honest, unpretentious pictures relative to war and post-war conditions, both as they are and as they are advertised to be. Furthermore, should not even novices in advertisement-writing break pens, these days, to counter-gas the brave whoop-la's of the venerable M. Clemenceau, the venerable Fascisti, the venerable Cluck Clucks, and their venerable ilks? In these rare days everybody is venerable but the dumb ex-soldier. He is the same *venerable infant* he always has been.

So now to our pretty pictures!—these sketched out in Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson's latest "autobiographical-continuation" and "trend of the times." One for a painter: "a column of French cavalry going up to the front line. It was broad moonlight, and every man was fast asleep on his horse, dead asleep"—pleasant recollection, no doubt, to many who, like the present reviewer, have trudged on in "light order," "dead to the world," nigh-enough fast asleep, too, but with "pins" a-moving. One *not* for the painter: this pleasant portrait of a young officer buried in a fallen trench, "except for one side of his head and the ear"—hearing the rescue party debate whether or not to dig him out (to better breathing). A second picture not for painters: "By the shops and the kerbs sat maimed men from the war, selling ridiculous toys, while the piercing wind blew through them and got at the wound or the place where the limb was lopped off. . . . The unemployed were everywhere that winter, marching to a quick-step in all the streets. Not wastrels. Clean, decent-looking ex-soldiers." A second (with variations), now, for painters again: "a one-legged soldier, in the blue invalid uniform, waiting humbly by the kerb in Piccadilly for a chance of crossing. He had an Irish terrier dog with him. They must have waited long, for the traffic flowed in a great tide that took no heed to broken men. Yet not so long before all the traffic would have been held up to let them pass." Another, just as quiet, in a way just as universal a connotation: the "verminous, rat-infested, foul, reeking tenements of Dublin," their "well-meaning," but not particularly fortunate, inhabitants forced by curfew law to remain within their doors from long before full dark until morning light "horns in." . . . "And here was the Irish blackbird whistling so loudly that we stopped the cab, *en route*, thinking some of the luggage had fallen off and that someone was whistling to let us know. 'Sure it's only the blackbirds!' the cabman said, grinning. 'Yez haven't forgotten the blackbirds surely!'" "I suppose he was thinking of the old story of the man who went to Liverpool for a week and when he came back to Ireland did not know the cat. 'What do you call the cock-eared beggar sitting by the fire?' he was reported to have said."

Variously amusing and instructive pictures of war, "liberty," ("as was"), social conditions, G. K. Chesterton, nobles, poets, haunted houses, beautiful poetesses, Irish little girls, Italian children playing during solemn church ceremonials in Florence, Scottish Field Club get-togethers, etc., run in and out this diary in various wraiths and bright streaks. Certain sections of telling loveliness true to fact even old Jeremy Taylor, or the late W. H. Hudson, could not have written more masterfully and beautifully. The last paragraph of the book, indeed, though brief, reminds one not only of Taylor and Hudson, but also of the spirit of "The Ancient Mariner," of Psalm cadences, of Ireland and other things ancient and very long-suffering. Some things savage, some things beautiful, in a deflowered age, remain pressed within these pages; though the hand be withal a mere woman's. A repository at least of keen memories; modest, entertaining, authentic.

LAWRENCE C. WOODMAN

Tolstoi's Wife

Autobiography by Countess Tolstoi. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

THE student of Tolstoi who seeks in this autobiography of Countess Tolstoi a new point of view of the tragedy of Yasnaya Polyana will be disappointed. That Sophia Andreevna, a highly intelligent, even talented woman, who though vastly inferior to Tolstoi in ability of feeling and appreciating human suffering, understood the importance of his literary work and appreciated it, has been admitted even by her avowed enemies Chertkov and Strakov. In this story of her life as told by herself we see the mother of thirteen children and the woman who as time passed became wife in a physical sense only. She had not the capacity for thinking on his plane. She not only misunderstood his motives: she mistrusted them. But we must grant that to be a mother of such a large family and a wife to a genius are problems which only a superwoman could solve.

Genius is selfish. It is more, it is egocentric. It is fanatic. It is willing to sacrifice everything to the fire of truth as it sees it. And Tolstoi in his later years suffered immensely as he was torn between the love of his family and the solution of the riddle of existence as he felt it. Besides he considered the Russian Orthodox Church as one of the chief contributing causes to the prevailing penury of the Russian peasant. It was natural that his wife, a deeply religious person whose faith satisfied her, should have suspected his friends of leading him away from her. Each new heresy, each new doctrine contrary to the rule of her church estranged her from her husband. She became suspicious, jealous, watched his every step. Such a state of affairs became intolerable to Leo Nicolaevitch. He wrote in his diary of October 28, 1910: "Again steps, a cautious opening of the door, and she passes by. Yesterday she asked, indeed demanded, that I should not shut the door. Both her doors are open, so that my least movement is audible to her. Both during the day and during the night all my movements and words must be known to her and be under her control." He threatened suicide and finally left only to die in a peasant's hut.

The student of drama, in its highest form, would find it in this story. The intense love Tolstoi had for his wife, his gradual estrangement from her, the drawing up of the wills, and the final picture of his death in the miserable cabin, ignorant of the fact that his wife was outside, denied to him—here is a tale as tragic as any in literature.

NATHAN ASCH

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Drama

Players as Prophets

Berlin, January 10

ABOUT the time this article is printed, the Moscow Art Theater, under the direction of Nemirovitch-Dantchenko and Stanislavsky, will present four plays from their repertoire in New York. The proving-ground for the troupe on its tour of Europe and America, where the enterprising Morris Gest will present them, is Berlin. Here, perhaps, by contrast with a people who take their joys and their sorrows with the utmost realism, one may best evaluate the contribution of the Moscow players to an exposition of the Russian temperament as expressed through essentially Russian plays.

Both the Russians and the Germans are strong peoples; both sing and both weep. The German is acutely conscious of his emotions: he dissects them, nourishes them for their own sake, and enjoys them secretly. He weeps, but only in private or on the confidential bosom of his friend. The Russian, on the other hand, plays ball in public with his joys as well as with his sorrows. His moments of introspection lead to a buoyant pessimism as often as to an unbridled expression of joy; and he wears his sense of sorrow like a red riband across his breast.

And yet, this youngest child of Western civilization, with his abundance of vigor, stretches his arms to heaven and defies the universe with a somber song. It may be his way of defying God; or perhaps his emotional nature, overleaping all finite modes of conduct, intuitively protests against being shaped to the pattern of conventional social orders. Not for him the safe and sane plane of existence half way between earth and heaven, where a romantic attitude toward life becomes deformed and squeezed into a set of rules. Crouched close to the earth, he sits brooding and begging for readmission to the dust; or with a grand gesture, he leaps up and spins the stars to make them twinkle brighter, despising the middle ground of everyday Western reality. He has the soul of the child to whom all emotions are playthings.

This much was revealed by the Moscow players, whose art abhors the artificial. They understand their Tolstoi, their Gorky, their Tchekhov. Like their dramatists, they see life simply and present it beautifully. Sorrow, because it is a part of life, is just as beautiful as joy; and the artist may think only of beauty. The conventional artifices at the command of these players are common to the theaters of all nations: color, design, mass, pantomime, or rhythm, if you will, and music. But they have used their materials in a new spirit. They have not worked with them; they have played consciously, with the result that their stage presents a complete absence of effects as such, and a rich picture of the life they know. It is life at its apparently normal pace, with sudden crescendos and diminuendos, and sustained, heartbreaking monotones. Whether the players present the poignant hope of release from a stagnant provincialism as in "The Three Sisters," or the bitter, fitful resignation in "The Lower Depths" ("A Night Lodging"), we always see a people fighting to free itself from the drabness of monotony, and yearning either for blankness in death or such fulness of emotional reward as is beyond the power of man to endure. The quest of the Russian soul is, indeed, a reaching out for the *Uebermenschliche.*

The method of the Moscow players is finely analytical. Their characterizations are distinct; they never lose their identity, but diverge from a center of communal interest to a periphery of widely differing individualities who discover at last that each one's burden is his own and cannot be shared. The players expand upon the ideas of their dramatists, sift the colors of life through the prism of their consciousness, until finally they stand like helpless puppets, with all their human imperfections dangling before our eyes.

All this is borne over the footlights through the absolute expressiveness of a Stanislavsky, a Moskvin, a Katchaloff, a Tchekhova, and their colleagues. Every night, the same forms become the masks of different souls. They need no words to convey their thoughts, for their technique springs from within. How else could Mme. Tchekhova bring a blush to her cheeks at will? It is immaterial that the plays are somber, for the persons whose lives we come to know intimately are ourselves, with this exception: they are more honest than we and no more deny the fact of their sorrows than they suppress the exuberance of their joys. These people of Gorky and Tchekhov have had no Sumners and Lusks and censors to drive their instincts into a narrow circle. They bow their heads to fate, but not to man. Perhaps the governments of other nations, jealous of such spirit because they cannot control and conventionalize it, have placed the badge of ostracism upon it. They may as well put on green blinkers and announce to the world that they have stopped the sun from shining. When I think of America's official attitude toward Russia, I do not doubt that the visit of these players to America will be educational, for they will show that Russians have neither horns nor tails, despite governmental innuendo. And by speaking to America through their art, they may be the prophets of a new understanding between their people and ours.

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DORAN BOOKS

The Children's Page

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Donald Meets a Nice Skunk

Donald and I were walking in the snowy woods. The trees waded in mist to their knees. Everything dripped. Drops, fat and clear, rolled and slid and dribbled from the twig tips, punching little holes into the snow underneath.

"I think, Mommy, that you'd like some cheese," hinted Donald, who was nine. "The little side parts of your nose are getting white, and that means you're hungry."

So we ate—great hunks of warm, yellow, crumbly cheese—(cheese, if you nibble it, is much sweeter than if you just plain chew) —and rich brown bread, with crisp crusts, buttered with sweet butter; two thick bars of chocolate; and figs from a little twisted grass basket.

A drifting, soft scent puzzled us.

"Do skunks smell in winter?" asked Donald.

"I think they do. Their skins do when they're ladies fur, if it's raining."

"Specially in street cars," he added solemnly. "I want to see one."

He lifted his stick to clip the top from a hunk of slush. The fingers of his other hand gripped my arm, the stick still pointing skyward.

"Oh-Oh-Oh, Shshshshshsh," he whispered, "Please, oh please, don't move. There! By the torn-up stump."

I turned cautiously.

From behind a brown stump quivered a quaint, black head. I could have tossed my wool scarf over it.

The snow trembled, broke. I saw the top of a black back and a white stripe extending into a gorgeous dragging tail.

"It's all right," explained Donald, gently. "He's sunk in the snow. . . . O the nice little skunk."

The skunk was in the snow as deep as his shoulders. He pushed his way quietly, as though swimming, the soft snow caking and breaking around him. His little nose was tilted up, snuffing the air for breath; his wet whiskers were plastered to his head. He was quite unfrightened. He threaded his way around a hummock, and disappeared in the mist.

"Our house is much warmer than his hole," said Donald contentedly, "And we can have chicken for dinner without anyone trying to kill us."

"Only on Sundays," said I.

"But this is Sunday," Donald remembered.

So we went home.

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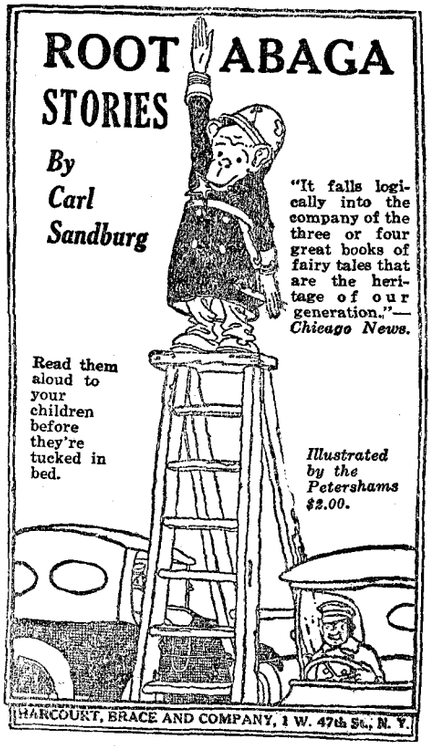

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International Relations Section

Disarmament Fails in Moscow

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Moscow, December 15

"IF our small disarmament conference with the Baltic states had succeeded," said Litvinov, Acting Commissar for Foreign Affairs, as he seated himself at the table to receive the correspondents, "there would have been soon inevitably a larger disarmament congress, perhaps a world congress. And then, with America demanding disarmament from the West and Russia demanding it from the East, the militaristic Powers would have found it hard to withstand also the demands of their own war-weary peoples.

"But it has broken. It has broken today." Litvinov seemed weary. For five months, ever since Genoa, he had been trying to bring about the simultaneous disarmament of Russia and her neighbors on the west. Now, being a realistic Russian, he could not even allow himself the comfort which Mr. Hughes took when his disarmament conference in Washington also failed. He was not going to end the sessions with a pretty gesture, and the signing of a beautiful pact of non-aggression, and the appointment of commissions to study disarmament—whose failure would only be evident later when the common people had forgotten. He had asked for real disarmament, an actual cutting down of soldiers and military budgets. He was out to save hard cash to put into Russian industries, and to send men home to work at productive labor. He had proposed a clear, practical plan. And the little nations, led by Poland, refused to discuss it. So he was not going to allow them to go home with high-sounding resolutions, to wave in the faces of their exhausted peoples, saying: "Well, after all, we got something."

"No," he said, "you got nothing. Go home with that."

Then he called in the press correspondents and told us about it, apologizing for having kept us out of the secret sessions. "We Russians wanted the conference open, but the majority refused." The majority meant Poland, Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland, who had met previously in Reval and made up their program. Three of them, at least, were quite insignificant states, but admitted by Russia to the conference as equals. Lithuania, who was also at the congress, was friendly, but weak. Her part consisted largely in pointing out that most of her territory was occupied by Poland.

Whatever may have been the dreams of Russia in the past, under the old imperialism of the Czar or the more recent revolutionary fervor of the Red Army, she has been trying for several months now to disarm. It is not only that her workers and peasants have wanted for years to go home. Her Government itself, under its new economic policy of "pay as you go, and amass wealth quickly for the heavy industries," knows that the only way to save money is to cut down armies. Russia wants desperately to save money, for alone of all the war-torn nations of Europe she, the most exhausted of all, gets no credits from abroad. She has made up her mind that she must rebuild largely from her own strength, and she wants every ruble she can save to put into the mines and railways and machinery which she needs.

She wants disarmament as a hard business proposition, because armies cost money. She wants to send those peasants and workers home, because, says Litvinov with a smile, "there is so much more useful work to be done than drilling." So she has reduced her army already from five million soldiers to eight hundred thousand, just half as large as the army the old Czar had. But the Czar had formidable allies, France, and less definitely England, whereas Soviet Russia faces on her western front Poland and Rumania, whose allied armies are three-fourths as large as hers. Along the Baltic is a ring of none too friendly states; to the south is war-torn Turkey and the unsettled countries of middle Asia; to the east Japan still holds half of Sakhalin and encourages guerrilla bands in China. None of the big Powers has made peace with her. They do not conceal their enmity; they do not take her into account in settling the problems of the Black Sea, through which 70 per cent of her trade must go with the outside world. They took from her Bessarabia and gave it to Rumania, who refuses even to talk peace with Russia unless her rights to this stolen territory are admitted in advance.

Even under these conditions, Russia was prepared to disarm still further. "We were willing to take peace for granted on our eastern borders," said Litvinov, "and reduce armaments in any proportion our western neighbors would agree to. After Rumania refused, still we were willing to take the risk, and base our reduction on that of Poland and the Baltic states. For some reason these little states seem afraid of our intentions, though we voluntarily recognized their independence. We wished to reassure them."

It is not surprising that these little states should be afraid of Russia. For most of them have no real reason for existing except the desire of a handful of middle-class nationalists, backed by foreign capital, to keep the ports of Russia from coming under soviet rule. As "nationalities" they can indeed boast separate languages; but as economic units they are absurd. They drag out a beggar's existence by charging high customs on the small trickle of trade that goes across them to Russia. Poland is the only one who has serious resources. Poland, with France behind her, is their leader in the stand they take against Russia. Most of the other new little Baltic nations know that if Russia should seriously start proceedings in their direction, the Russian cavalry could pasture on the shores of the Baltic in about two days.

So in one sense their participation was a farce. But Russia took them seriously enough to call them in as voting equals to a conference. And Poland mobilized those votes against Russia and against peace.

The call to a disarmament conference was issued by Russia immediately after Genoa. "The Genoa conference failed," said the Russian declaration, "because it refused even to discuss the heavy burden of military armament. But this does not prevent neighbor nations from meeting and mutually agreeing to reduce this burden." The Baltic nations sidestepped the proposal for several months. But no nation in these days can really refuse to talk disarmament; the subject is too popular. In the end they came to Moscow.

Clear and arithmetical were Russia's proposals, following the examples set by Secretary Hughes, so new to the diplomacy of Europe. "We want a simultaneous cutting down of armies. We are willing to reduce to one-fourth our present number within two years or less. If you want a different amount of reduction, we will give reciprocity on any proposition. We will also abolish all irregular troops, such as our communist companies, if you will abolish your "white guard" irregulars. There must also be a cutting of military budgets, for it is not enough to reduce the number of soldiers if vast sums are still spent for military equipment. We propose to limit the budgets to a certain sum per soldier."

This was coming down to brass tacks. But lest the other nations might complain that it was too mechanical, Russia offered to discuss any concrete difficulties that might lie in the way of exact arithmetical proportions. If Poland cared to claim that Germany's nearness made a larger number necessary, Russia would mention also her other borders, and the congress should decide how much allowance these facts required.

Clear, concrete, serious proposals—and the other delegates refused at first to discuss them. They proposed instead "moral disarmament," a signing of pacts of non-aggression. "We have already signed such pacts with you," said Russia. "Will sign-

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ing them twice make them more sacred?" However, she agreed to sign the non-aggression pact if the material disarmament was also included.

Then the other nations declared that the reduction proposed was too radical. They wished to disarm only one-fourth of their soldiers the first year. Russia agreed. Then said Poland: "We will cut down from 375,000 to 280,000; and the rest of you also will disarm one-fourth." It was rather sad that at this high moment of agreement the Russians should have produced a statement which Poland sent in the summer to the League of Nations claiming that her army even then consisted of only 294,000 men. To "reduce" this to 280,000 was hardly one-fourth reduction. Russia was impolite enough to ask which number was true.

What can a sensitive, chivalrous nation do when she is asked which time she lied? What was left for the outraged diplomats but to break the conference? With lofty scorn for "arithmetical proposals" and beautiful words about peace and honor, she intimated that Russia should put her trust in the League of Nations, whose two years' work had proved that disarmament was not a thing to be lightly and easily accomplished.

The little nations added to the farce by their offered reductions. Latvia agreed to reduce to 19,000, and was found to have just 19,500 now. Esthonia went one better by offering to "reduce" to 16,000 when she has only 13,000 now. Finland was the frankest mathematician; she said she had 28,000 and would not reduce at all.

The few thousand troops in these tiny nations do not matter to Russia; but Poland, with France at her rear, is another matter. But Poland's honor was touched; she refused to discuss "arithmetic" any longer. Let Russia sign a pact of non-aggression, and three months hence a conference of military experts would meet to consider ways of disarming. As if any military expert ever knew how to disarm.

"We will not sign anything to help you deceive your people into thinking you have done something," was Russia's answer. The conference broke in frank failure, which yet was better than Mr. Hughes's unfrank success. For, in spite of momentary weariness, Litvinov was not discouraged.

"We know that in the end questions are settled not by diplomats but by peoples," he said. "Our conference has made plain to the masses that there are definite ways to disarm. Next time, if these diplomats come, they will have a different mandate."

He smiled, and then announced cheerfully his intention to outrage time-honored diplomatic traditions in the usual soviet fashion. "We shall publish the minutes of the secret sessions very soon," he said, "that all the world may see and judge."

Russia Demands Disarmament

THE breakdown of the Moscow disarmament conference was discussed by Leo Kamenev in his report to the Tenth All-Russian Congress. Excerpts from the report, as published in *Izvestia* for December 22, follow:

As far back as the conference of Genoa we signed, together with all the other countries, a non-aggression agreement; in Genoa the question of disarmament was brought up and of course it was rejected after Comrade Chicherin proposed to treat this question as a matter on the agenda and not merely as a matter of verbal resolutions. In order to place the question of disarmament on a sound basis the Soviet Government proposed to its neighbors to meet at Moscow in a special disarmament conference. And the results of this conference are significant for the reason that they show to what extent the bourgeois world is ready to lay down arms, to what extent it is able to do it.

We proposed to those who came to our conference to discuss the matter practically. We did not suggest to them full disarmament; we spoke only of the first steps, of those steps which would lighten a little the burden of taxes and would remove the menace of war from over the heads of the working masses. As long as this proposal remained in the realm of "moral disarmament," matters went on more or less well. It appears that they are all ready to disarm "morally." After it had been stated to the general satisfaction that moral disarmament was approved by all, Comrade Litvinov said: "Is it not time now for us to turn from the question of moral disarmament to the question of how many thousand soldiers less there should be in the army of each of our countries?"

And then the representatives of the other countries declared that this was a very substantial and important question but that at present they were not ready to sign any agreement whatever which referred not to moral but to real disarmament. Who, then, were these people who were talking with us? Moralists or militarists? . . .

Comrades, the gist of my report about our foreign policy can be given in short in the following way: In the course of the whole year we advocated the policy of peace. We are entering upon the new year with a strong desire to maintain this policy of peace by all means. In the name of this policy we are not only going to conferences, we are not only ready to sign at any moment any agreement which guarantees us peace and normal economic relations; we are at the same time undertaking a real reduction of our army. We do not menace anybody; and we want only one thing, namely, that they should not threaten us, for if threats against the proletarian republic really menace its life and the interests of the country, then our republic, despite the reduced army, will be able to bring up new countless forces for the defense of its borders, of its honor, and of its independence. (Prolonged applause.)

After listening to the reports on the question of disarmament the Tenth All-Russian Congress issued a manifesto, signed by the chairman, M. Kalinin, and by the secretary of the session, A. Enukidze. It was printed in *Izvestia* for December 28.

TO THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD!

The Tenth All-Russian Congress of Soviets, the highest legislative body of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, in the name of millions of proletarian workers and peasants, solemnly reasserts its desire for peace and peaceful work.

In the face of the menace of new wars, in the face of the insane race for armaments going on by the will of the capitalist governments, in the face of the shame of the Versailles treaty and the colonial machinations of the bourgeois governments—the workers and peasants of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic once more raise their voices in warning.

Toiling masses of the world, all you who want peaceful work—join your efforts to the efforts of Soviet Russia in order to secure peace, in order to save humanity from monstrous and devastating wars.

The Soviet Government, which arose from the Revolution, began its activity in 1917 with an appeal for a just and general peace. From that time on it has unalterably asserted this basic principle in its foreign policy. In 1919 it directed itself to the United States with a peace proposal. It proposed the starting of peace negotiations with all the Allies in February, 1919, when the troops of the big Powers invaded the territory of our revolutionary country. It proposed a general peace in December, 1919. Many times it proposed peace to Poland and Rumania. At Genoa Soviet Russia and its allies proposed general disarmament. When this was rejected, the proletarian government attempted to carry out the policy of disarmament at least in the limited sphere of the states neighboring on Soviet Russia in order gradually to extend the number of disarming powers. But this undertaking, too, was brought to naught by the neighbors of Russia who did not want to agree to a real reduction of armies.

In spite of all this Soviet Russia alone proceeded with disarmament and in a short time it reduced its army from 5,000,-

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000 to 800,000, and at present it is continuing the reduction, bringing its army down to 600,000 men. It has in reality shown its devotion to peace. Not in words, not in resolutions, not in promises, but in fact.

Now that the nations are becoming impoverished as a result of the imperialistic butchery, when great economy of material means is necessary, we must call doubly criminal the policy of the bourgeois governments which prefer the impoverishment of the broad popular masses to the cause of peace and peaceful work.

The Tenth Congress of Soviets solemnly reasserts its peace policy and appeals to all to support it. Let all nations ask their governments for peace. The cause of peace is in the hands of the peoples themselves. In order to avert the danger of future wars the efforts of the toiling peoples of the whole world must be united. The exhausted and suffering, the ruined and starving populations, must by all means be assured of peace.

Soviet Russia Protests the Ruhr Invasion

THE following declaration was issued on January 15 by the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and the Council of People's Commissars.

To the peoples of the whole world!

The army of imperialist France has invaded the Ruhr Basin. Foreign slave drivers have taken possession of the industrial center of Germany. Once again the German people have received a terrible blow and Europe is once again menaced by a cruel international butchery. At this critical moment the Workers and Peasants' Republic of Russia cannot remain silent. Faithful to the incessant struggle against militarism, to the unwavering defense of the right of every people to independence, and to the demand for disarmament, Russia once more raises her voice in indignation, and protests against the crime that the French Government is now committing.

Five years ago the imperialist war, after lasting for four years, was ended by the shameful and absurd Treaty of Versailles. During the war the Allied governments had proclaimed in all countries, to all peoples, that they were only struggling in the interests of liberty and in the name of the nations' right to freedom. The moment the war was over they suddenly forgot their promises and their noble speeches. They met at Versailles and dictated to Germany a treaty of a type unknown to history. This treaty proves beyond all question that the statesmen of the Entente were thinking not of liberty but of tyranny, not of the freedom of the nations but of cruelly enslaving them.

After having violently torn from Germany a number of provinces, after having taken from her all means of defense, the Versailles Treaty also robbed her of almost all her merchant fleet, of a third of her coal industry, and of three-quarters of her iron mines. It laid upon the German people a colossal burden of reparations, that is to say money indemnities and indemnities in coal and goods, for all the destruction caused by the war in France and Belgium. The Versailles Treaty forged heavy chains for the German people and handed them over to the mercy of the French imperialists. The Versailles Treaty perpetuated the reign of hatred between the peoples of Europe and plunged Europe into economic and political chaos.

The Russian Republic of Workers and Peasants protested energetically at the time against the brutality and madness of the Versailles Treaty and predicted the terrible consequences to which its application would lead—consequences affecting not only Europe but the entire world. These predictions in effect have been completely realized. The years that have passed since the signature of the Versailles Treaty have been years of continual unfriendliness between the peoples, of constant increase in armaments, of increasing aggravation of the economic ruin of Europe.

The present Government of imperialist France has not even been content with the Treaty of Versailles. In its insatiable desire for conquest, it has violated this treaty which was drawn up on its own initiative in order to strangle the German people. Once more the French imperialists have flung the sword into the scales of history; they are proceeding with the military occupation of the most important industrial regions of Germany. By this action the French imperialists have taken upon themselves the heaviest possible responsibility for all the consequences of this revolting and reckless violation of the treaty.

But imperialist France is not the only country culpable. Her Allies who could have opposed the accomplishment of this crime have not opposed it; some of them even are taking an active part in the invasion of the Ruhr, others hypocritically wash their hands of the matter and limit themselves to verbal protests and vain demonstrations. For these reasons their culpability is equal to that of France. Responsibility for that which is happening and for that which will happen does not only fall on the Government of Paris; the governments of London, of Rome, of Brussels, and of Tokio must bear their share of responsibility.

The sovereignty of the German people has been violated. The right of the German people to independence has been trodden under foot. The economic situation of Germany, already severely strained, has received a new and mortal blow. The working masses of Germany are threatened with horrible poverty and an unheard of oppression. The aggravation of the economic chaos threatens all Europe. The world is once again plunged into the fever that precedes war. Europe has been changed by the Treaty of Versailles into a powder magazine in which sparks are continually dropping.

In these decisive days the Russian Republic of Workers and Peasants again raises its voice in indignation, protesting against the mad policy of France and of her Allies. It again protests with particular vigor against the violation of the German people's right to freedom. Again, and with the greatest possible emphasis, it warns the peoples of the whole world to be on guard against the danger of bloodshed which threatens Europe.

Peoples of Europe—peace is in mortal danger! The future of peace is in your hands.

Chairman of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee,
KALININ

Secretary of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee,
SAPRONOV

Contributors to This Issue

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CHARLES H. CHAPMAN has been a resident of Portland and its near neighborhood for more than twenty years. He wrote editorials for the *Oregonian* for some ten years and during four years for the *Journal*. From 1893 to 1900 he was president of the State University at Eugene. He ran a fruit farm just across the Columbia from Portland, has traveled all over the State, and is intimately acquainted with the people. He has lectured for women's clubs, the Y. M. C. A., the Socialists, labor unions, and the I. W. W. on politics and literature. At present he is conducting the educational bureau of the I. W. W. in Chicago.

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